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LAST THOUGHTS.

Have they told thee I am dying?
Careless world, careless world!
Have they told thee I am dying?
The dirge notes backward hurled,
Saying, with a scornful smile:
"She was fair a little while—
Courtied; but she had her day;
There's no need that she should stay.
I have sought for her to do,
Amid all her glittering crew:
'Tis well that she is dying!"

Have they told ye I am dying?
Summer friends, summer friends!
Have ye made pretence at sighing
O'er the woe life that ends?
Have ye said with feigned sorrow:
"May she have a brighter morrow.
She has not joined us long
In mirth, or dance, or song.
Her bloom is on the wane;
Her eyes are dimmed with pain;
'Tis well that she is dying!"

Have they told thee I am dying?
Gentle friend, gentle friend!
Will thy sweet spirit sighing
One tender message send;
Dost say with tearful eye
Raised to the quiet sky:
"God save the fever-thirst!
Her earthly dreams have nursed,
And bathed that aching brow
Where living waters flow:
God help her!—she is dying."

Have they told thee I am dying?
Heart-restrained, heart-restrained!
And dost thou turn in sighing
To old times long since changed;
Dost say with blushing cheek:
"She was young, and very weak;
Thought it wrong my heart to leave her—
Though she wronged me, I forgive her.
Many deathless memories
Paint her with such gentle eyes,
My lost love who is dying!"

Have they told thee I am dying?
Mother blest, mother blest!
Have they told thee I am dying?
With weary heart and breast:
Dost say to angelic round:
"The child I lost is found.
I've left her, ah! too long,
'Mid earthly harm and wrong.
There is no place for her
'Mid all life's busy stir;
We'll give her welcome here,
So far from grief and fear;
'Tis well that she is dying!"

M. L. P.

Original Novels.

JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
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CHAPTER XVII.

At Albany, Mr. Hendrickson found Miss Arden awaiting him. The warmth of her reception showed that he was more in her eyes than a pleasant friend. And in his regard she held the highest place—save one.

The meeting with Mrs. Dexter at Newport was unfortunate. Hendrickson had looked right down into her heart; reading a page, the writing on which she would have died rather than revealed. Her pure regard for him was her own deeply hidden secret. It was a lamp burning in the sepulchre of buried hope. She could no more extinguish the sacred fire than quench her own existence.

But thrown suddenly off her guard, she had betrayed this secret to unlawful eyes. Hendrickson had read it. And she too had read his heart. After the lapse of more than a year they had met; and without wrong on either side had acknowledged a mutual, inextinguishable love.

"You are not well, Mr. Hendrickson." Many times, and with undisguised concern, was this said by Miss Arden, during the journey to Niagara.

"Only a slight headache," or, "I'm well enough, but feel dull;" or, "The trip from Newport fatigued me," would be answered, and an effort made to be more companionable. But the task was difficult, and the position in which the young man found himself particularly embarrassing. His thoughts were not with Miss Arden, but with Mrs. Dexter. Before the unexpected meeting at Newport, he had believed himself so far released from that entanglement of the heart, as to be free to make honorable advances to Miss Arden. But he saw his error now. With him marriage was something more than a good matrimonial arrangement, in which parties secured external advantages. To love Miss Arden better than any other living woman, he now saw to be impossible;—and unless he could so love her, he dared not marry her. That was risking a great deal too much. His position became, therefore, an embarrassing one. Her brother was an old friend. They had been college companions. The sister he had known for some years, but had never been particularly interested in her until within a few months. Distancing his observation, her mind had matured; and the graces of art, education and accomplishment, had thrown their winning attractions around her. First, almost as a brother, he began to feel proud of her beauty and intelligence; admiration followed, and, before he was aware of the tendency of his feelings, they had taken on a warmer than fraternal glow.

All things tended to encourage this incipient regard; and, as Miss Arden herself favored it, and ever turned towards Hendrickson the sunniest side of her character, he found himself drawn onwards almost imperceptibly; and had even begun to think seriously of her as his wife,

when the meeting with Mrs. Dexter revealed the existence of sentiments on both sides that gave the whole subject a new aspect.

A very difficult problem now presented itself to the mind of Mr. Hendrickson, involving questions of duty, questions of honor, and questions of feeling. It is not surprising that Miss Arden found a change in her travelling companion, nor that her visit to Niagara proved altogether unsatisfactory. No one could have been kinder, more attentive, or more studious to make her visit attractive. But his careful avoidance of all compliments, and the absence of every thing lover-like, gave her heart the alarm. It was in vain that she put forth every chaste, womanly allurement; his eyes did not brighten, nor his cheeks glow, nor his tones become warmer. He was not to be driven from the citadel of his honor. A weaker, more selfish, and more external man, would have yielded. But Hendrickson, like the woman he had lost, was not made of "common clay," nor cast in any of humanity's rudimentary moulds. He was of purer essence and higher spiritual organization than the masses; and principle had now quite as much to do with his actions as feeling. He could be a martyr, but not a villain.

Two days were spent at Niagara, and then Hendrickson and Miss Arden returned, and went to Saratoga. It did not, of course, escape the notice of Hendrickson, that his manner to his travelling companion was effecting a steady change in her spirits; and he was not lacking in perception as to the cause. It revealed to him the sincerity of her regard; but added to the pain from which he was suffering, increasing it almost to the point where endurance failed.

It was a relief to Hendrickson when he was able to place Miss Arden under the care of her mother, who had remained at Saratoga. On the evening after his arrival, he was sitting alone in one of the drawing rooms, when a lady crossed from the other side, and joined another lady near him.

"Mrs. De Lisle," said the latter, as she arose. "Good evening, Mrs. Anthony!" and the ladies sat down together.

"I have just received a sad letter from Newport," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"Indeed! What has happened there?" "Our sweet young friend is dangerously ill."

"Who? Mrs. Dexter?" "Yes."

"Mrs. De Lisle! She was in perfect health, to all appearance, when she left here."

"So I thought. But she has suddenly been stricken down with a brain fever, and her physicians regard her condition as most critical."

"You distress me beyond measure!" said Mrs. Anthony.

"My friend writes that three physicians are in attendance; and that they report her case as dangerous in the extreme. I did not intend going there until next week, but, unless my husband strongly objects, I will leave to-morrow. Good nursing is quite as essential as medical skill."

"Go, by all means, if you can," replied Mrs. Anthony. "Dear child! I shouldn't wonder if that jealous husband of hers had done something to induce this attack. Brain fevers don't come on without mental excitement of some kind. I can't bear him; and I believe, if the truth were known, it would be found that she hates the very sight of him. He's a man made of money; and that's saying the best that can be said. As to qualities of the mind and heart, she ranks, in all things, his superior. What a sacrifice of all that such a woman holds dear must have been made when she consented to become the wedded wife of Leon Dexter!"

Hendrickson heard no more, for a third party coming up at the moment, led to a change in the conversation. At the same instant Mrs. Arden and her daughter entered the room, and he arose and stepped forward to meet them.

"How pale you look, Mr. Hendrickson!" said Mrs. Arden, with concern. "Are you not well?"

"I have not felt as bright as usual, for some days," he answered, trying to force a smile, but without success. "Your daughter has, no doubt, already informed you that I proved myself one of the dullest of travelling companions."

"Oh, no," Miss Arden spoke up quickly. "Ma knows that I gave you credit for being exceedingly agreeable. But, indeed, Mr. Hendrickson, you look ill."

"I am slightly indisposed," he answered, "and with your leave will retire to my room. I shall feel better after lying down."

"Go by all means," said Mrs. Arden. Hendrickson bowed low, and, passing them, left the parlor almost hurriedly.

"Dangerously ill! A brain fever!" he said aloud, as he gained his own apartment and shut the door behind him. He was deeply disturbed. That their unexpected meeting had something to do with this sudden sickness he now felt sure. Her strong though quickly controlled agitation had been; it was a revelation never to be forgotten; and showed the existence of a state of feeling in regard to her husband which must render her very existence a burden. That she was closely watched, he had seen, as well as heard. And it did not appear to him improbable considering the spirit he had observed her display, that coincident with his departure from Newport, some jealous accusations had been made, half maddening her spirit, and stunning her brain with excitement.

"Angel in the keeping of a fiend!" he exclaimed, as imagination drew improbable scenes of persecution. "How my heart aches for you—years towards you—longs for the dear privilege of making all your paths smooth and fragrant; all your hours golden winged; and your states peaceful! How precious you are to me! Precious as my own soul—dear counterpart! loving complement! Vain, as your own strife with yourself, has been my strife. The burden has been too heavy for us; the ordeal too fiery. My brain grows wild at thought of this terrible wrong."

The image of Miss Arden flitted before him. "Beautiful—loving—pure!" he said, "I might win you for my bride; but will not so wrong you as to offer a divided heart. All things forbid!"

Mr. Hendrickson did not leave his room that evening. At ten o'clock a servant knocked at his door. Mrs. Arden had sent her compliments, and desired to know if he were better than when he left her?

"Much better," he answered; and the servant departed.

Midnight found him still in strife with himself. Now he walked the floor in visible agitation; and now sat motionless, with head bowed, and arms folded across his bosom. The impression of sleep was far from his overwrought brain. One thing he decided, and that was to leave Saratoga by the earliest morning train, and go with all possible haste to Newport. Suspense in regard to Mrs. Dexter he felt it would be impossible for him to bear.

"But what right have you to take all this interest in a woman who is another's lawful wife?" he asked, in the effort to stem the tide of his feelings.

"I will not stop to debate questions of right," so he answered within his own thoughts. "She is the wife of another, and I would die rather than stain her pure estate with a thought of dishonor. I cease to love her when I imagine her capable of being false, in even the smallest act, to her marriage vows. But the right to love, Heaven gave me when my soul was created to make one with hers. I will keep myself pure that I may remain worthy of her."

On the evening of the next day Hendrickson arrived at Newport. Almost the first man he encountered was Dexter.

"How is Mrs. Dexter?" he asked, forgetting in his anxiety and suspense the relation he bore to this man. His eager inquiry met a cold response accompanied by a scowl.

"I am not aware that you have any particular interest in Mrs. Dexter!"

And the angry husband turned from him abruptly.

"How unfortunate!" Hendrickson said to himself as he passed.

At the office he put the same inquiry. "Very ill," was the answer.

"Is she thought to be dangerous?" "I believe so."

Beyond this he gained no further intelligence from the clerk. A little while afterwards he saw Mrs. Florence in one of the saloons, and joined her immediately. When he had learned that Mrs. Dexter remained wholly unconscious, but that the physicians regarded her symptoms as favorable.

"Do they think her out of danger?" he asked, with more interest in his manner than he wished to betray.

"Yes." He could scarcely withhold an exclamation. "What do you think, madam?" he inquired.

"I cannot see deeper than a physician," she answered. "But my observation does not in anything gainsay the opinion which has been expressed. I am encouraged to hope for recovery."

"Do you remain here any time?" "I shall not leave until I see Mrs. Dexter on the safe side and in good hands," was replied.

"Have you heard any reason assigned for this fearful attack?" inquired Hendrickson.

Mrs. Florence shook her head. Not caring to manifest an interest in Mrs. Dexter that might attract attention, or occasion comment, Hendrickson dropped the subject. During the evening he threw himself in the way of the physician, and gathered all he desired to know from him. The report was so favorable that he determined to leave Newport by the midnight boat for New York and return home, which he accordingly did.

CHAPTER XVII.

The season at Newport closed, and the summer birds of fashion flitted away. But Mrs. Dexter still remained, and in a feeble condition. It was as late as November before the physician in attendance would consent to her removal. She was then taken home, but so changed that even her nearest friends failed to recognize in her wan, sad, dreary face, anything of its old expression.

No man could have been kinder—no man could have lavished warmer attentions on another than were lavished on his wife by Mr. Dexter. With love-like assiduity, he sought to awaken her feelings to some interest in life; not tiring, though she remained as coldly passive as marble. But she gave him back no sign. There was neither self-will, perverseness, nor antagonism, in this; but paralysis instead. Emotion had died.

It was Christmas before Mrs. Dexter left her room—and then she was so weak as to need a supporting arm. Tonic only were administered by her physician; but if they acted at all, it was so feebly that scarcely any good result appeared. The cause of weakness lay far beyond the reach of his medicines.

With the slow return of bodily strength and mental activity, was developed in the mind of Mrs. Dexter a feeling of repugnance to her husband that went on increasing. She did not struggle against this feeling, because she knew, by instinct, that all resistance would be vain. It was something over which she could not possibly have control; the stern protest of nature against an alliance unblest by love.

One day, during mid-winter, her best friend, Mrs. De Lisle, in making one of her usual visits, found her sitting alone, and in tears. It was the first sign of struggling emotion that she had yet seen, and she gladly recognized the tokens of returning life.

"Showers for the heart," she said, almost smiling, as she kissed the pale invalid. "May

the green grass and the sweet smiling violet soon appear."

Mrs. Dexter did not reply, but with unusual signs of feeling, hid her face in the garments of her friend.

"How are you to-day?" asked Mrs. De Lisle, after she had given time for emotion to subside.

"About as usual," was answered, and Mrs. Dexter, looked with regaining calmness into her face.

"I have not seen you so disturbed for weeks," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"I have not felt so wild a strife in my soul for months," was answered. "Oh, that I could die! It was this prayer that unlocked the long closed fountain of tears."

"With God as the issues of life," said Mrs. De Lisle. "We must each of us wait His good time—patiently, hopefully, self-denyingly wait."

"I know! I know!" replied Mrs. Dexter. "But I cannot look along the way that lies before me without a shudder. The path is too difficult."

"You will surely receive strength." "I would rather die!" A slight convulsion ran through her frame.

"Don't look into the future, dear young friend! Only to-day's duties are required; and strengthen yourself with the duty."

"Not even God can give strength for mine!" said Mrs. Dexter, almost wildly.

"Hush! hush! the thought's impious," Mrs. De Lisle spoke in warning tones.

"Not impious, but true. God did not lay these heavy burdens on me. My own hands placed them there. If I drag a pillar down upon myself, will God make my bones iron so that they shall not be broken? No, Mrs. De Lisle; there is only one hope for me, and that is in death; and I pray for it daily."

"You state the case too strongly," said Mrs. De Lisle. "God provides as well as provides. His providence determining what is best for us; and His providence counteracts our ignorance, self-will, or evil purposes, and saves us from the destruction we would blindly meet. He never permits us to do in His creature, for which He does not provide an agency that turns the evil that would follow into good. Your case is parallel to this. As a free woman, you speak this most important step. God could not have prevented it without destroying that freedom which constitutes your individuality, and makes you a recipient of life from Him. But He can make you a recipient of life from Him."

"And He will do it, if you permit Him to substitute His divine strength for your human weakness. In all trial, affliction, calamity, suffering, there is a germ of angelic life. It is through much tribulation that the Kingdom of Heaven is gained. Some spirits require intense fires for purification than others; and yours may be of this genus. God is the refiner and the purifier; and He will not suffer any of the gold and silver to be lost. Dear friend! do not shrink away from the ordeal."

"I am not strong enough yet." It was all the reply Mrs. Dexter made. Her voice was mournful in the extreme.

"Wait for strength. As your day is, so shall it be."

Mrs. Dexter shook her head.

"What more can I say?" Mrs. De Lisle spoke almost sadly, for she could not see that her earnest spoken counsel had wrought any good effect.

"Nothing! nothing! dear friend!" answered Mrs. Dexter, still very mournfully.

A little while she was silent; and seemed in debate with herself. At length she said, "Dear Mrs. De Lisle! to you I have unveiled my heart more than to any other human being. And I am constrained to draw the veil a little farther aside. To speak will give relief; and as you are wiser, help may come. At Saratoga, I confided to you something on that most delicate of all subjects, my feelings towards my husband. I have yet more to say! Shall I go farther in these painful, almost forbidden revelations?"

"Say on," was the answer, "I shall listen with no vain curiosity."

"I am conscious," Mrs. Dexter began, "of a new feeling towards my husband. I call it new, for only the fuller development of an old impression, it has all the vividness of a new born emotion. Before my illness, I saw many things in him to which I could attach myself; and I was successful, in a great measure, in depressing what was repellent, and in magnifying the attractive. But now I seem to have been gifted with a faculty of sight that enables me to look through the surface as if it were only transparent glass; and I see qualities, dispositions, affections, and tendencies, against which all my soul revolts. I do not say that they are evil; but they are all of the earth earthly. Nor do I claim to be purer and better than he is—only so different, that I prefer death to union. It is in vain to struggle against my feelings, and I have ceased to struggle."

"You are still weak in body and mind," answered Mrs. De Lisle. "All the pulses of returning life are feeble. Do not attempt this struggle now."

"It must be now, or never," was returned. "The current is bearing me away. A little while, and the most agonizing strife with wave and tempest will prove of no avail."

"Look aloft, dear friend! Look aloft!" said Mrs. De Lisle. "Do not listen to the maddening dash of waters below, nor gaze at the shuddering bark; but upwards, through cloud-rifts, into heaven!"

"I have tried to look upwards—I have looked upwards—but the sight of heaven only makes earth more terrible by contrast."

"Who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" asked Mrs. De Lisle, in a deep, earnest voice. A pause, and then—"They who have come up through great tribulation! Think of this, dear

friend. Heaven may be beautiful in your eyes, but the way to heaven is by earthly paths. You cannot get there, except by the way of duty; and your duty is not to turn away from, but to your husband, in the fulfillment of your marriage vows—to the letter. I say nothing of the spirit, but the letter of this law you must keep. Mr. Dexter is not an evil-minded man. He is a good citizen, and desires to be a good husband. His life, to the world, is irreproachable. The want of harmony in taste, feeling and character, is no reason for disavowance. You cannot leave him, and be guiltless in the eyes of God or man."

"I did not speak of leaving him," said Mrs. Dexter, looking up strangely into the face of Mrs. De Lisle.

"But you have thought of it," was answered. A flush dyed the pale face of Mrs. Dexter. "Oh, my friend, beware of evil counsellors!" Mrs. Anthony—

"Has never looked into my heart. It is shut and fastened with clasps of iron when she is near," returned Mrs. Dexter.

"The presence of such a woman suggests rebellion," said Mrs. De Lisle; "her thoughts are communicated by another way than speech. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is. I feel the spirit of antagonism rising whenever I am with her. I grow restive—impatient of these bonds—indignant towards my husband; though the subject is never mentioned."

"Be on your guard against her, my young friend. Her principles are not religiously sound. This I say to you, because duty requires me to say it. Placed in your position, and with your feelings towards her husband, if no personal and selfish consideration came in to restrain her, she would not hesitate at separation—nay, I fear, not even at a guilty compact with another."

"You shock me!" said Mrs. Dexter.

"I speak to you my real sentiments; and in warning. In your present state of mind, be very reserved towards her. You are not strong enough to meet her quick intelligence, nor able to guard yourself against her subtle insinuations. When was she here last?"

A sudden thought prompted the question. "She left just before you came in," answered Mrs. Dexter.

"And your mind has been disturbed, not tranquilized, by her visit?"

"I am disturbed, as you see."

"On what subject did she speak?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"You know her usual theme?"

"Insatiable marriage!"

"Yes."

"I do not wonder that you were disturbed. How could it be otherwise?"

"She gives utterance to many truths," said Mrs. Dexter.

"But even truth may be so spoken as to have all the evil effect of error," was promptly answered.

"Can truth ever do harm? Is it not the mind's light? Truth shows us the way in which we may walk safely," said Mrs. Dexter, with some earnestness of manner.

"Light, by which the eye sees, will become a minister of destruction, if the eye is inflamed. A mind diseased cannot bear strong gleams of truth. They will blind and deceive, rather than illustrate. The rays must be softened. Of the many truths to which Mrs. Anthony gave utterance this morning, which most affected your mind?"

"She spoke," said Mrs. Dexter, after a little reflection, "of natural affinities and repulsions, which take on sometimes the extreme condition of idiosyncrasies. Of conjunctions of soul in true marriages, and of disjunction and disgust where no true marriage exists."

"Did she explain what she understood by a true marriage?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"I do not remember any formal explanation. But her meaning was obvious."

"What, then, did she mean?"

A little while Mrs. Dexter thought, and then answered, "She thinks that men and women are born partners, and that only they who are fortunate enough to meet are ever happy in marriage—are, in fact, really married."

"How is a woman to know that she is rightly mated?" asked Mrs. De Lisle.

"By the law of affinities. The instincts of our nature are never at fault."

"So the thief who steals your watch will say. The instincts of his nature all prompt to the act. If our lives were orderly as in the beginning, Mrs. Dexter, we might safely follow the soul's unerring instincts. But, unfortunately, this is not the case; and instinct needs the law of revelation and the law of reason for its guide."

"You believe in true, interior marriages?" said Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes, marriages for eternity."

"And that they are made here?"

Mrs. De Lisle did not answer immediately.

"The preparation for eternal marriage is here," she said, speaking thoughtfully.

Mrs. Dexter looked at her like one in doubt as to the meaning of what she heard. She then said:—

"In a true marriage, souls must conjoin by virtue of an original affinity. In a word, the male and the female must be born for each other."

"There are a great many vague notions about this subject," said Mrs. De Lisle; "and a great deal of flippant talk. If there are men and women born for each other one thing is very certain, both need a great deal of alteration before they can unite perfectly; and the trial will, in most cases, not so fully prove this theory of duality in sexual creation as you might suppose."

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity!" If this were not true of every one there might be a little more hope for happiness in marriage. Let us imagine the union of two persons, born with that original conjoining affinity of which you speak—and the existence of which I do not

deny. We will suppose that the man inherits from his ancestors certain evil and selfish qualities; and that the woman inherits from her ancestors certain evil and selfish qualities also. They marry young, and before either is disciplined by right principle, or regenerated by Divine truth. Now, this being the case, do you suppose that, in the beginning, their pulses will beat in perfect harmony? That there will be no jarring in the machinery of their lives?"

Mrs. De Lisle paused, but received no answer.

"In just the degree," she continued, "that each is selfish, and fails to repress that selfishness, will the other suffer pain or foul repulsion? And they will not come into the true accordance of their lives until both are purified through a denial of self, and an elevation of the spiritual above the natural. For it is in the spiritual plane where true marriages take place; and only with those who are regenerated. All that goes before is preparation."

Mrs. Dexter continued looking earnestly into the face of Mrs. De Lisle.

"Does your thought follow me?" asked the latter.

"Yes," was all the answer.

"If true marriages are for eternity, each of the partners must be born into spiritual life; and that birth is always with pain. The husband, instead of being a mere natural and selfish man, must be a lover of higher and purer things. He must be a seeker after Divine intelligence, that he may be lifted with wisdom coming from the infinite Source of wisdom. And the wife, elevating her affections through self-denial and repression of the natural, must acquire a love for the spiritual wisdom of her husband before her soul can make one with his. Do you comprehend this?"

"Dimly. He must be wise in heavenly love; and she a lover of heavenly wisdom."

"There must be something more," said Mrs. De Lisle.

"What more?"

"No two masculine souls are alike, and heavenly wisdom is infinite. The finite mind receives only a portion of the Divine intelligence. Each, therefore, is in the love of growing wise in a certain degree or direction. The feminine soul, to make conjunction perfect, must be a lover of wisdom in that degree, or direction."

"You bewilder me," said Mrs. Dexter.

"Let me rather enlighten. The great truth I wish to make clear to you is that there can be no marriage in the higher sense without spiritual regeneration. By nature we are evil—that is selfish; for self love is the very essence of all evil—and until heavenly life is born in us there can be no interior marriage conjunction. It is possible, then—and I want you to look the proposition fairly in the face—for two who are created for each other, to live very unhappily together during the first years of their married life. Do you ask why? Because both are selfish by nature; and self seeks its own delight. I have sometimes thought," continued Mrs. De Lisle, "in pondering this subject, that those who are born for each other are not often permitted to struggle together in painful antagonism during the stern ordeals through which so many have to pass ere self is subdued, and the fires of Divine love kindled on the heart's altars."

"Meeting life's discipline apart, or in strife with an alien," said Mrs. Dexter.

"As you will. But the lesson, I trust, is clear. Only they who bear the cross can wear the crown. The robes must be made white in the blood of the Lamb. And now, dear friend! If you would be worthy of an eternal marriage take up your cross. If there is a noble, manly soul to which you would be conjoined forever, set earnestly about the task of preparation for that union. The wedding garment must be wrought; the lamps trimmed and burning. Not in neglect of duty; not in weak repinings, or helpless despondency in this work done; but in daily duty. The soul of your husband is precious in the eyes of God as your own. Never forget this. And it may be a part of your heaven-assigned work—may, is—to help him to rise into a higher life. May you grow angel-minded in the good work!"

"How tranquil I have become," said Mrs. Dexter, a little while afterwards. "The heavy pressure on heart and brain is removed."

"You have been thinking not of yourself; and that has brought a change in your state of feeling. Cease to struggle in your bonds; but rise up and go forward with a brave heart, and be true as steel to all your obligations. The way may look dark, the burdens heavy; but fear not. More on, and Divine light will fall upon your path; stoop to the burthen, and Divine strength will be given. So I counsel you, dear sister! And I pray you heed the counsel."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

HYPERBOREAN HOPES DISAPPOINTED.—AN IMPERIAL PROLOGUE.—A JEWISH FETTER.

Paris, January 14, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Over a spirit so instinct with feeling, gentleness, courage, hardihood, and much generous aspiration and ambition, the mystic curtain has fallen. The story of his life is now before the world, and will pass into the thoughts and lives of young men, and the memories of men who are old.

It only remains to say here, briefly, that Dr. Elder has done his part in the memoir well. He has amply met the necessary conditions of the task, showing everywhere an acute and comprehensive understanding of the character he has portrayed, a thorough and intimate sympathy with it, and a complete mastery of all collateral information and material, necessary to its elucidation. The memoir has a strong pulse and warm blood beating and glowing in it throughout, and is evidently written, as every biography should be, *con amore*. The style is colloquial, snappy and crackling in its lighter parts, with quips and jokes and sarcasms and dry humor, sometimes flashing with enthusiasm, and faltering with feeling, occasionally flowering into beauty. It is eminently bright and alive. Now and then we meet with verbal inaccuracies or undue oddity of phrase, and there are instances where the effluence of quaint or eccentric expression obscures the meaning. These blemishes, however, have their balance in the freshness, vigor and vivacity of the general style, and the hearty and manly tone which pervades the volume throughout. Nor should the critic be narrow and exclusive. The mountain stream of talk, speeding and flashing, its bright, impetuous current reflecting character in all its phases, transitions, and multi-colored varieties, is also admirable, as well as the austere and limpid diction in which great lives are severely mirrored, like pure peaks in an Alpine tarn.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, Mr. Fischer presented to the society specimens of sugar, manufactured from the Chinese sugar cane by Mr. Lovering, at his country seat on the York Road, about five miles from this city. The experiments prove that at a moderate estimate 1,200 pounds of sugar can be grown on an acre of land in this country, and probably much more in many soils and by means of improved cultivation. At 5 cents per pound, 1,200 pounds are worth \$60 per acre. An acre will produce, moreover, 70 to 80 gallons of molasses of the best quality—sufficient to pay the expense of cultivation and manufacture—leaving the sugar clear profit. In addition, the leaves of the plant are used for fuel, for the purpose of cooking, and also 30 to 40 bushels of seed or grain, which cattle, hogs and poultry feed on with avidity. For both of these, \$10 would be a low estimate, which, added to the sugar, would give a net gain of \$70 per acre for a moderate crop. There is little doubt, however, as Mr. Lovering informed me, that 1,500 pounds might easily be obtained. This result compares very favorably with other staple productions of our agriculture. An average crop of wheat on good farms, does not exceed 20 bushels per acre, which, at the present price, is worth \$25. From this is to be deducted the expense of cultivation and of preparation for market, not less than \$10, leaving only \$15 profit, whilst the straw is inferior to the blades and seed of the sugar cane for feeding, and affords, probably less manure than the bagasse, or stalks, after the juice has been expressed. The average crop of corn is not higher than 50 bushels per acre, worth about \$30. The expense of cultivation is \$10, which leaves \$20 of net gain, less than one-third the profit of the sugar cane.

Mr. Emerson said that Mr. Lovering had communicated to him one fact which was not in his book, and that, in boiling the syrup 2 degrees less in temperature was required than in the West Indies. There 240 degrees were required, while Mr. Lovering's experiments showed that only 235 degrees were required.

Mr. Williams said that in the West Indies 5,000 pounds of sugar could be raised on an acre, and that in the West Indies 200 pounds could be produced. In the West Indies labor was only 25 cents per day, while in the northern parts of this country wages were much higher. He did not believe that any profit could be realized to the farmers of this country by the production of this sugar.

Mr. Fischer said the machinery used by Mr. Lovering in making the sugar, could not have cost less than \$50, and any man can make sugar easier than he can a pot of apple butter. Mr. L. was the first to make experiments which would show that every one could enter into its manufacture. There were now about 150 sugar plantations in this country, and the people were taxed 30 per cent. on sugar to keep up these plantations, and if there should be several thousand plantations at the North, with the same duty continued, we might enter into competition with the Cuban and others.

Mr. Emerson said, that if the farmers generally entered into its manufacture, even in a small way, the aggregate production would be enormous. A gentleman from the West Indies, who was on a visit to this city last summer, had looked with great interest upon the cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane, and he expressed his opinion that it could be produced with more profit in Kentucky and Tennessee than in more northern latitudes.

A resolution was passed, presenting the thanks of the society, and a silver medal to Mr. Lovering.

PATIENCE. Why 'tis the soul of peace; Of all the virtues, 'tis the nearest him in heaven; It makes men look like gods. The best of men That e'er were earth about him was a sufferer. A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit, The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

The value of things is not in their size, but quality; and so of reason, which, wrapped in few words, has the greater weight.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man."

"I have lived to know," says Adam Clarke, "that the greatest secret of human happiness is this—Never suffer your energies to stagnate."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—General Calhoun is preparing a statement to the public, in relation to Kansas affairs. He has said in conversation with his friends, and may repeat the statement in his address, that he did vote in the Lecompton Convention to submit the entire Constitution, but was defeated, and he then went for a vote on the Slave; and that there was an attempt to practice a deception on him as to the returns given the Legislature to the Free State party. He is of the opinion that this leaves no room for contention.

LOUISIANA.—Proposed Importation of Negroes.—In the Senate of Louisiana, in session at Baton Rouge, notice had been given of the introduction of a bill to import 5000 negroes from the Coast of Africa.

Joint resolutions were also introduced denouncing the acts of Commodore Paulding, and instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress to cause the views expressed to be carried into effect.

The recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor of France, was by means of shells filled with powder, thrown from the upper rooms of an opposite house. The police sprang into an opposite house. The police sprang into an opposite house. The police sprang into an opposite house.

The cold weather which had come upon us so suddenly at the date of the last, has vanished as speedily as it came. The Seine is covered with lumps of floating ice, the ponds in the Gardens and the Bois de Boulogne are all again in a liquid state, and the innumerable pairs of skates that had been brought out of their usual hiding-places, and paraded with so much satisfaction by their owners, have relapsed into their habitual oblivion. Meantime, Paris is one detestable lake of liquid mud; the great extent of macadamized thoroughfares called by Louis Napoleon to take the place of the paving-stones his loyal subjects are so fond of turning into barricades, providing, on the shortest possible notice, an unlimited supply of the element so fatal to feminine toilets, known here under the contemptuous designation of "Macadam's Milk."

The week of freezing through which we have passed witnessed an amount of excitement in the skating and sliding world, of which the inhabitants of regions favored with the rigorous benedictions of an American winter can form no idea. Every bit of frozen puddle was tenanted from morning to night, and as to the serpentine "lakes" of the Bois de Boulogne, which really do present an extent allowing of the showing off of skillful evolutionists, all the unemployed part of the Paris population seemed to have transported itself thither. The most elegant vehicles of the great world were drawn up round the edge of the largest piece of water; and their gaily-dressed mistresses, sat delightedly watching the feats of the skaters for hours together, clapping their hands in approbation of any especially fine specimen of the art, or slighted from their carriages, and joined the dense crowd of onlookers gathered on the banks. As the French go very quietly to work about any business occupation, only becoming thoroughly aroused and in earnest when some amusement is going on, the zeal and animation with which everybody entered into the scene was really something curious to witness. The skaters dashed about over the ice as though their hopes of happiness both for this world and for the next depended on their cutting the most elegant figures in the best possible style; and the crowd looked on with an overjoying admiration of their doings, an interest therein which would have prompted any one of their number to feel honored by even being allowed to help the actors on with their skates, envying the skill of the others, and testifying, with vehement gestures of applause their admiration of the lively doings on the ice. On Wednesday, when the cold was at the coldest, and the skating at the merriest, the Emperor and Empress, in their carriage, were stationed for some time in the thickest of the crowd, looking on with just as much eagerness as the rest; the Emperor, at length, getting out of the vehicle, having a pair of skates strapped on to his imperial feet, and dashing into the midst of the skaters, where he flew over the ice, cutting pirouettes of the most approved description, to his own great delight and that of his neighbors; after which he mounted on horseback, and went off at a brisk trot, feeling, no doubt, none the worse for his homely recreation.

Poor Rachel, the transcendent tragedian, had half Paris at her funeral. She leaves a fortune of three millions of francs, which sounds enormous in the estimation of the French, but which, reduced to the denomination of \$600,000, seems no great amount to have been amassed by one so rarely gifted, and so long the admitted queen of the stage. This fortune, according to the French law in the case of unmarried mothers, is divided equally between the parents and children of the defunct, half to the former, and half to the latter. She died a Jewess, no matter what stories are spread to the contrary. It is probable that she may have hesitated a little at different periods of her life between the old faith of her childhood, and that to which so much ecclesiastical eloquence has been expended in trying to convert her; and it is known that she had read and pondered many of the Christian publications which discuss the claims of the two systems. But she declined allowing any priest to be introduced as she felt her end approaching; and was attended, through the eight days of her painful death-struggle, by rabbies and Jewish friends; all the ceremonies of the Jewish faith prescribed in the article of death were performed in her room at her express desire, and she ordered that every detail of her funeral should be managed according to the Hebrew ritual. It is simply dishonest, therefore, to assert, as many of the French journals persist in doing, that she embraced Christianity at any period of her life. She lived and died a Jewess.

Another death of public interest is that of the eminent statesman to whom modern Turkey owes so much, and whose disappearance from the arena of European politics is much to be deplored at this time, Mustapha-Raschid-Pasha, whose name is so intimately associated with the efforts of the reform party in Turkey, whom his recent decease has deprived of their chief. He was born at Constantinople in 1793. His father, though not rich, bestowed on Raschid the most careful education that Constantinople could supply; and so well did the son profit by this paternal foresight, that he became, at a very early age, the confidential secretary of his maternal uncle, Ali-Pasha, then Governor of the Morea, and under whose auspices he entered upon that career of public life in which he has been constantly engaged up to the period of his decease.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—In the House, on the 4th, Mr. Owen offered a resolution instructing the Special Committee in relation to Kansas not to report on the subject until the 10th of March.

Messrs. Calhoun and Williston, Rose and Lawrence opposed the resolution at length. Mr. Owen advocated the resolution, which was put to a vote and carried—yeas 53, nays 35.

Mr. Calhoun moved to discharge the Committee from the further consideration of the subject. Lost—yeas 39, nays 52.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The friends of Mr. Keitt who were in his vicinity, say that he was knocked down by Mr. Grow, but was wrenched from his hold on the latter by Mr. Reuben Davis, who interfered as a peace-maker; and further, that as Mr. Keitt premeditated no disturbance with Mr. Grow, he the more seriously regrets its occurrence.

The "Union" of this morning reads Mr. Harris, of Illinois, out of the party, calling him and the Democrats who act with him "a little corruptal guard" and "renegades."

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

COTTON ADVANCED.—SKIES BRIGHTENING.—INSURRECTIONARY ATTEMPT IN ITALY.

The Arabia arrived at New York on the 7th, with one week's later news.

Lord Elgin had sent his ultimatum to the Chinese authorities, giving them ten days to consider his requirements.

The Emperor Napoleon has opened the French Legislative Assembly with a lengthy speech. He declared the Empire not hostile to the pacific development of the principles of 1789, but considers liberty without constraint as impossible, while obstinate faction exists, and that excessive prerogative is not present danger but rather the absence of repressive laws. He says the candidates for election must henceforth take the oaths before the election. He concludes by taking thanks and deducing a moral from the recent attempted assassination.

The English and French forces in China took possession of an island opposite Canton without opposition.

The French admiral has proclaimed the blockade of the Canton river.

A report is mentioned, but considered doubtful, that the American Commodore has offered to act as mediator, and has been accepted by the English.

If the capture of Canton fails to bring the Chinese to terms, a march on Peking is contemplated.

Heavy gales have been experienced along the English coast, but no damage to American shipping is reported.

The festivities in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Prussia had already commenced, and were progressing according to the programme already published.

Gen. Havelock's son has been created a baronet, and the deceased general's widow has been officially declared to be entitled to all the honors she would have enjoyed had he lived.

Money was plenty in London for loans on stocks at the rate of 24 per cent, and the best paper was being discounted at the rate of 34 per cent.

The importations of gold are large, but buyers are scarce, the Bank of England being almost entirely without it.

Consols during the week advanced three-quarters per cent, closing buoyant and firm.

The English papers report business prospects of the whole country decidedly improving. The East India Company are preparing for a conflict with the government at the opening of Parliament. The European Times says they are putting forth their power in a way that will require all the strength of the cabinet to counteract.

The Common Council of London presented an address to the Emperor Napoleon congratulating him on his escape. British residents in Paris have done the same. Queen Victoria also sent him a telegraph and autograph letter congratulating him.

It is now generally believed that France will demand the expulsion from English soil of suspected foreign refugees.

The trial of the conspirators comes off in Paris on the 10th inst. Twenty-two additional arrests were made at the gardens of the Tuilleries, each man with a loaded revolver in his pocket. So says the Paris London Herald, though the report is not confirmed by other papers.

The number of wounded, by the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, is not less than one hundred and fifty. Six deaths had occurred. The papers furnish the most voluminous details.

One of the four Italians under arrest has revealed everything connected with the affair.

The Spectator and Review of Paris have been suppressed by the French Government.

Accounts had reached Paris of the landing of two hundred partisans of Mazzini at Ancona, Italy, who attempted to surprise the Austrian garrison, but were defeated. Many were killed, others taken prisoners.

The Belgian Government has agreed to allow French Commissioners to sit in Belgium, to inquire concerning the refugees there, and will compel the attendance of "Le Zetling" has been revealed, in consequence of the publication of an article on the Commercial Academy.

The Bank of Prussia has reduced the rate of discount to 5 per cent.

The Porte is about to concentrate more troops on the Danube, on account of the agitation which the project of emancipating the serfs of Russia causes among the Christians in Turkey.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Jan. 22.—All qualities have slightly advanced, and fair and middling qualities have largely increased.

The Manchester advices are favorable; there is a better demand, and holders of goods are asking a premium.

BREKENTON, &c., Jan. 22.—The market closed dull for all descriptions, and prices were weak. Messrs. Richardson & Co., of the South, flour the dull, with a declining tendency. Western Corn is quoted at 2s 2 1/2 d. What wheat, common red closing firm. Corn is dull.

ROBIN AND SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE.—The market is firm with an improved demand. Pork steady; new Bacon steady at a slight advance. Lard firm at 22s 6 d. for new. All qualities of tallow steady. In tea there has been an average business without much change in quotations. Sugar firm at an advance of 6 d. Coffee firm. Rice closes steady at a decline of 3 d. Potatoes steady at 2s 6 d.

IRON MONKY MARKET, Jan. 22.—The money market is slightly easier. The nation in the Bank of England has increased £1,000,000. The Bank rate of discount is unchanged. The American securities are slow of sale, without alteration in quotations.

FROM KANSAS.—Claims Audited by the U. S. Commissioners.—Examination of the alleged Election Returns.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) papers of the 30th ult. say that Gen. Stickley, the Commissioner appointed by the President, to audit the claims of the citizens of the Territory, who sustained losses during the difficulties which have existed there, has allowed claims amounting to four hundred thousand dollars.

The Board of Commissioners appointed by the Leavenworth are now in session at Leavenworth engaged in taking testimony relative to alleged election frauds.

FURTHER DIFFICULTIES AT FORT SCOTT.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 8.—The Westport correspondence of the Republican says that difficulties have again broken out at Fort Scott, Kansas, and that a requisition was made on the Governor for troops.

REPORTED INSURRECTION IN ARKANSAS.—Chicago, Feb. 5.—A rumor has reached here from Fayetteville, Arkansas, that a fearful slave insurrection had occurred near that place. The insurrection is said to have been incited by two white men.

The negroes attacked two settlements, killing twenty-three persons, burning the houses and killing the cattle. The insurrection was finally subdued by an organization of volunteers who killed seven and captured eighteen of the negroes. The rumor is doubted. It seems a very singular way for news from Arkansas to come—through Chicago, Illinois.

DISTRESSING STEAMBOAT CALAMITY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Baton Rouge, 25 and 50 Persons Reported Lost.—LOUISVILLE, Feb. 5.—The steamboat Colonel Crockettman, while on the trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, burst her boiler, when a mile above New Madrid, Mo., last evening. She was burned to the water's edge.

The accurate number of the lost has not been ascertained, but it is reported that of the two hundred passengers on board, between twenty and fifty either perished in the flames or were drowned. The captain, mate and five ladies are among the saved.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 191—Adults 90, and children 101.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. KINCAID, toll-keeper on the bridge at Augusta, Me., says that this is the first winter for thirty-three years in which teams have not crossed the Kennebec river on the ice at that place by the first of January.

OPPRESSIVE LAW.—In the year 1632, the General Court of Plymouth Colony made this law, which, from its contract with our way of doing things, is worth notice:—"That whoever refuses the office of Governor, shall pay twenty pounds sterling, unless he were chosen two years going; and whoever refuses the office of Councilor or Magistrate, ten pounds sterling."

PRICE'S CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF N. E., page 411.

SOLOMON BARROW, who was poisoned by his mulatto woman, at Cedar Bayou, Texas, was the richest man in Liberty county, and had resided there for 35 years as a stock raiser. Margaret, the bright mulatto of 21 years, who mixed the arsenic with his bread and coffee, had for a long time been old Mr. Barrow's mistress, and he had made a will giving her freedom after his death and \$5,000 to carry her to a free State. Mr. Barrow's wife resided under the same roof with him, but he had not spoken to her for eight years. Margaret was arrested.

ON Thursday afternoon, a young lady and gentleman skated from Bangor to Hampden, Me., on a trial of speed. The lady says:—"The lady spread the most canvas, and the wind being fair and fresh she beat him by two minutes and a half, and the feat was performed in half an hour. So exhausted were the parties, however, and so strong the head wind to skate back, that they were brought to the city in a carriage."

FIXED FOR HISSING.—A young man, named Dunbar, was arrested in the Gaiety Theatre at New Orleans, La., on Sunday night, the 24th ult., and taken before the Recorder, charged with disturbing the peace of that establishment, by hissing at the introduction of a modern air, known as "Rip Sam," in the play of Richard the Third! The Recorder fined him twenty dollars.

VIRGINIA RAILROADS.—The Committee on Roads, in the Virginia Senate, have agreed to report a bill recommending an appropriation of two and a half millions of dollars to the leading lines of railroads in that State, as follows: To the Covington and Ohio Railroad, \$500,000; Orange and Alexandria, \$300,000; Alexandria, Loudoun and Hampshire, \$300,000; Manassas Gap, \$200,000; Norfolk and Petersburg, \$250,000; Roanoke, \$250,000; Richmond and Danville, \$200,000; and Virginia Central, \$200,000.

A VENERABLE relic of a curious character was dug up near the Hackensack River, a few days since. It was apparently of oak, carved into the similitude of a cow, with its driver, and has probably been intended for the pedestal of some local deity or other article.

The curiosity of the relic consists in the interior being excavated into hollow apartments, without any apparent joints in the wood, or any visible means of getting at the interior without such joint.

DR. JACKSON, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age), on the sidewalk, accosted him with:—"Will Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?" "Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply. "And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J. "Just 26 years ago!" answered Mr. Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER, it is said, is reading Shakespeare this winter for the benefit of her divorced husband, Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, who has lost the bulk of his immense fortune in the late revolutions.—London Illustrated News.

SINCE Rachel's death, her children are much talked of. The father of one of them is reputed to be Count Walewski; the Prince Napoleon is credited with another; and it is said that both gentlemen have openly accepted the situation.—English Papers.

LITTLE printing-press has been sent from Paris to Constantinople. It is to find its place in the harem of Ribard Effendi, and will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Turkish ladies. The wife of Ribard Effendi is said to be well versed in French and English belle-lettres, and has a Turkish translation.

The enterprising lady is busy turning Mr. Thackeray's "Newcombes."

DIRECT SOUTHERN TRADE.—An important announcement that the mission of the Hon. Wm. Ballard Preston, in behalf of the Virginia and Western railroads, has been successful. Mr. Preston has succeeded in making arrangements with the Paris and Orleans Railroad Company to run four steamers between the ports of Orleans, France, and Norfolk, Virginia.—Richmond Dispatch.

TEXAS CAMELS.—It is said that a private enterprise is on foot for introducing camels into Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico, in consequence of the success of the Government's experiment with these animals.

DANIEL AND NOAH WEBSTER UNITED.—At a meeting of the friends and believers in spiritualism, held in this town, not long since, among the spirits of the departed, the spirit of Daniel Webster, rapped itself into notice. The great statesman, through the medium—a gray-headed believer—acknowledged that he had been a great man, and that he had committed many crimes in his social life, in his diplomatic career, in his political career, and there were some, he was sorry to say, in his Dictionary.—Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

CHINOLIN LIFE PRESERVER.—On Saturday last, a young woman, fashionably attired, and who afterwards gave her name as Martha Sheppard, leaped from the top of the balustrade of the bridge over the Serpentine in Hyde Park into the water. When falling, her dress, which had a large hooped crinoline skirt underneath, expanded to its full dimensions, and she came upon her head, a balloon floating there for several minutes. A buoy belonging to the Royal Humane Society was thrown out to her, and seizing it as she began to sink, she was safely drawn to the side. Upon recovering the power of her tongue, the first use she made of it was to abuse the constable soundly for having rescued her, adding, that she wished she had been drowned before any one saw her, as she had no desire to live.—English Papers.

A NOBLEMAN hearing, the other day, that one end of the Levantine had advanced five feet while the other was stationary, he exclaimed, "Why then she must have stretched!" He had never taken the trouble to notice that she was not being launched in the ordinary way.—English Papers.

SOMEbody has found out a new way of "taking pictures," by which they can be taken as well in the night as in the day-time. A Scheenectady daguerrotypist has missed several from the frames hanging by the door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

SAMUEL C. WADE, of Weymouth, Mass., intended to give his hand to Susan T. Merritt, but altered his mind and gave it to another, and at the same time brought a suit to recover back a piano-forte which he had given to the former, but the court gave a verdict in her favor.

AN Antwerp paper mentions that Queen Victoria, who has of late devoted much time and displayed great talent in the art of photography, has lately sent the Empress Eugenie, as a New Year's present, a charming album full of photographs taken by herself. On the leaves of this very unique work are to be found portraits of the royal children in the costumes of various Shakespearean characters, the portrait of Prince Albert, together with views of Windsor Castle, Balmoral, and Osborne-house.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—The Grand Jury found yesterday a true bill against General Wm. C. Anderson and others, for violating the neutrality laws. They have been held to appear on the fourth Monday in April.

THE General Assembly of Rhode Island have passed a resolution instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives in Congress from that State, to vote against the admission of Kansas into the Union, under the Lecompton Constitution. The vote was nearly unanimous.

At Norwich, Connecticut, Widow Ann Casdall came to a horrible death by hydrophobia, contracted by putting her hand, with a slight abrasion of the skin of one finger, into a pail of water which she had offered to a cow that had been bitten by a mad dog. The froth from the cow's mouth had become mixed with the water. Her design was to rise on the pail.

THE Paris correspondent of the Courrier des Etats Unis writes that a lawsuit has been instituted by M. Auguste Maquet, President of the Commission of Dramatic Authors, against Alex. Dumas. The plaintiff demands the sum of 145,000 francs, or the insertion of his name in future side by side with that of his collaborator upon the title-page of the Comte de Monte Christo, the Three Musketeers, &c. Maquet has without doubt assisted in the composition of all these popular works, but what proportion his labors have borne to those of Dumas is the point in controversy.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.—Barth's travels over Central Africa as far as to living eight degrees north of the Equator. Livingstone's researches come to within the same distance of the South. So that there is still a belt of sixteen degrees, with the Equator as a centre, which no white man has yet visited. Lieut. Burton, celebrated for his successful visit to Mecca and Medina, is now travelling in that portion. He hopes to cross the entire continent midway between the routes of Barth and Livingstone.

THE Toledo Times learns that the fine steamboats running in the railroad lines from Buffalo to Toledo and Detroit are no longer to be used. They have sunk a large amount of money for the railroads owning them, and it is thought best to act on the principle that "the first loss is best."

Six fine steamers, costing in the aggregate a million and a half of dollars, will thus be put aside with scarcely a chance of being again brought into requisition.

LEWIS ELLIS, of Harrison township, Fayette county, Indiana, raised three hundred and eighty-seven bushels of corn on three acres of ground last year, being one hundred and twenty-nine bushels to the acre. Mr. Ellis was one of several farmers who desired to get the silver cup offered by the Indiana Agricultural Society last year, for the best three acres of corn, but the cup was not awarded to any one, as none of the competitors reported to the Society before the 25th of December last—the cold weather preventing them from gathering and measuring their corn in time. Mr. Ellis says he would like to see reports from the other competitors.

CHICKEN FLOUR.—The following table shows the difference between the price of flour per barrel in the New York market January 27, and the prices which ruled one year since:—

	Jan. 27, '56.	Jan. 27, '57.
Good State,	\$1.20	\$1.30
Extra State,	1.10	1.20
Good Ohio,	1.05	1.15
Extra Ohio,	1.00	1.10
Southwestern extra,	1.00	1.10
Canadian extra,	1.00	1.10

IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.—A close student of the Bible suggests, in the Marietta Intelligencer, that there is reason for supposing that one of the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, was a native of Ohio. See Exra vii. 4, which reads:—"The son of Zerubbabel, the son of Uriah, the son of [a] Bukki" (evidently Buckeye).

TUNNELING THE ALPS.—Tutin (Piedmont) journals announce that the cutting through of Mount Cenis, one of the highest of the Alps, has been commenced, and that about twenty yards have already been excavated.

THE steam yacht, built at Boston, for the Pasha of Egypt, has proven a failure in consequence of the defective boilers and machinery, the first made in New York, the latter in Boston.

SEIZURE OF A SENSITIVE YOUTH.—A letter in the Richmond (Va.) Despatch, says:—"On the 15th of January, 1858, James E. Durvin, a son of James E. and Elizabeth E. Durvin, of the county of Caroline, made way with himself by casting himself in the river not far from his father's residence. The cause of it is not known—only his mother had threatened to correct him if he did not do as she bade him. His age was nine years, eleven months and twenty-three days. James was a fine boy, beloved by his parents and all who knew him."

SKALES VS. OYSTERS.—The consumption of oysters in Paris has increased to such an extent as to seriously injure the oyster trade. A whole side of the new fish market is devoted to these delicacies.

NOTICE.—Double paper contains the following column to a small family, under part of a Privilege on the sidewalk for a pig.

A HEAVY STOCK OPERATION.—At the Stock Board in Boston, Mass., on Wednesday last, three shares of the once famous Virginia Central Railroad, were offered for sale, and brought one cent per share. It was not a "time contract," but for "cash on delivery."

CHINESE RETURNING.—The bodies of 300 dead Chinese are now lying on one of our wharves, nicely packed and directed, ready for shipment to their long home in China. The freight money on this lot is \$7,500.—San Francisco News Letter, Jan. 5.

AN old and favorite horse, named "Jack," died on the 20th of last month, aged thirty-three years and ten months. He was raised and owned by Robert Playford, farmer of Dolawaco county, Pennsylvania.—Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ship Snow Squall, from Rio Janeiro, furnishes dates to the 24th of December. The financial crisis was beginning to affect business seriously. A panic prevails similar to that in Europe. The Bank of Brazil is discounting to the extent of its liabilities. Loud calls are daily made upon the Government for assistance, from which it would appear that a suspension of the Bank charter is contemplated.

The principal export buyers demand a reduction of 400,000 reis.

LAGER BEER has been decided by the Circuit Court of Brooklyn not to be an intoxicating liquor, within the meaning of the statute.

THE following incident of the recent fracas in Congress, is given by the Washington correspondent of the Evening Bulletin:—"Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, rushed in, to separate the combatants. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, who has a front seat on the Republican side, thinking that he was going to help Keitt, hurried into the melee and knocked Mr. Barksdale's wig off."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—All the Banks of this city, and the Bank of Commerce and Finance, and the Mechanics' Bank, of Georgetown, resumed specie payments, this morning, for all their liabilities.

POISONING CASE.—A singular alleged case of this character, is now being prosecuted in this city—the parties belonging to a "highly respectable" family. Robert P. Kirkpatrick, who resides at the corner of Eleventh and Wallace streets, in the Fourteenth Ward, was before Aldman Eneu, on the 6th, on various charges preferred against him by his brother, Mr. Edwin Kirkpatrick, who resides in Arch street above Thirteenth. The poison is alleged to have been contained in a mince-pie, sent as coming from an aunt of the family.

A DEMOCRATIC member of the Legislature of New York (Hon. J. Jones), has offered a resolution in favor of the passage of a General Bankrupt Law by Congress.

GEN. SANTA ANNA, in a manifesto dated in Turbaco, New Granada, indignantly denies in his usual "baffling" style the charges of Gen. Pillow, that money was employed by General Scott to bribe the Mexican Commander and authorities. He says:—"And even were I to wretch so destitute of honor and dead to the sentiments of virtue, and determined to commit so great a crime, do the advantages of this bargain into which Gen. Pillow asserts I entered, bear any proportion to the sacrifice it would have cost?" "No! No! the paltry sum he mentions falsifies the assertion."

THE progress of agriculture ought to be one of the objects of your constant care; for upon its improvement or decline depends the prosperity or decline of empires.—Speech of Napoleon III.

AFRICAN SOLDIER ANTS.

FROM LIVINGSTON'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS.

Walking down to the forest, after telling these poor people for the first time in their lives, that the Son of God had so loved them as to come down from Heaven to save them. I observed many regiments of black soldier-ants, returning from their marauding expeditions. These I have often noticed before in different parts of the country; and as we had even at Kolobeng an opportunity of observing their habits, I may give a short account of them here. They are black, with a slight tinge of gray, about half an inch in length, and on the line of march appear three or four abreast; when disturbed, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders who never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by the leaders; for happening once to throw the water from my basin behind a bush where I was dressing, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had passed before I began my toilette, and when they returned they were totally at a loss to find the way home, though they continued searching for it nearly half an hour. It was found only by one making a long circuit round the wetted spot. The scent may have indicated also the propriety of their going in one direction only. If a handful of earth is thrown on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at a loss as to their further progress. Whatever it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth, but will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path again, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders distinguished from the rest by their greater size, especially in the region of the sting, then seize the white ants one by one, and inject a sting, which seems to inject a portion of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off. One morning I saw a party going forth on what has been supposed to be a slave-hunting expedition. They came to a stick, which being enclosed in a white-ant gallery, I knew contained numbers of this insect; but I was surprised to see the black soldiers passing without touching it. I lifted up the stick and broke a portion of the gallery, and then laid it across the path in the middle of the black regiment. The white ants, when uncovered, scampered about with great celerity, hiding themselves under the leaves, but attracted little attention from the black marauders, till one of the leaders caught them, and applying his sting, laid them in an instant on one side in a state of coma; the others then promptly seized them and rushed off. On first observing these marauding insects at Kolobeng, I had the idea, imbued from a work of no less authority than Brongham's *Paley*, that they seized the white ants in order to make them slaves; but having rescued a number of captives, I placed them aside, and found that they never recovered from the state of insensibility into which they had been thrown by the leaders. I supposed then that the insects were to be used as slaves by the soldiers.

The white ants too tightly with their mandibles, as that is the way they seize them; but even the pupae which I took from the soldier ants, though placed in a favorable temperature, never became developed. In addition to this, if any one examines the orifice by which the black ant enters his barracks, he will always find a little heap of hard heads and legs of the white ants, showing that these black ruffians are a grade lower than slave-stealers, being actually cannibals. Elsewhere, I have seen a body of them removing their eggs from a place in which they were likely to be flooded by the rains; I calculated their numbers to be 1,200; they carried their eggs a certain distance, and then laid them down, when others took them and carried them further on. Every ant in the colony seemed to be employed in this laborious occupation, yet there was not a white slave among them. One cold morning, I observed a band of another species of black ant, returning each with a captive; there could be no doubt of their cannibal propensities, for the "brutal soldiery" had already deprived the white ants of their legs. The fluid in the stings of this species is of an intensely acid taste. I had often noticed the stupefaction produced by the injection of a fluid from the sting of certain insects before. It is particularly observable in a hymenopterous insect called the "plasterer" (*Pelapex Eckloni*), which in its habits resembles somewhat the mason-bee. It is about an inch and a quarter in length, jet black in color, and may be observed coming into houses, carrying in its fore-legs a pellet of soft plaster about the size of a pea. When it has fixed upon a convenient spot for its dwelling, it forms a cell about the same length as its body, plastering the walls, so as to be quite tight and smooth inside. When this is finished, all except a round hole, it brings seven or eight caterpillars or spiders, each of which is rendered insensible, but not killed, by the fluid from its sting. These it deposits in the cell, and then one of its own larvae, which, as it grows, finds food quite fresh. The insects are in a state of coma, but the presence of vitality prevents putridity or that drying up which would otherwise take place in the climate. By the time the young insect is full grown and its wings completely developed, the food is done. It then pierces the wall of its cell at the former door, or place last filled up by its parent, flies off, and begins life for itself. The plasterer is a most useful insect, as it acts as a check on the inordinate increase of caterpillars and spiders. It may often be seen with a caterpillar or even a cricket much larger than itself, but they lie perfectly still after the injection of chloroform, and the plasterer, placing a row of legs on each side of the body, uses both legs and wings in trailing the victim along. The fluid in each case is, I suppose, designed to cause insensibility and likewise act as an antiseptic, the death of the victim being without pain. Without these black soldier-ants, the country would be overrun by the white ants; they are so extremely prolific, and nothing can exceed the energy with which they work. They perform a most important part in the economy of nature by burying vege-

table matter as quickly beneath the soil as the voracious red ant does dead animal substances. The white ant keeps generally out of sight, and works under galleries constructed by night, to screen them from the observation of birds. At some given signal, however, I never could ascertain what, they rush out by hundreds, and the sound of their mandibles cutting grass into lengths may be heard like a gentle wind murmuring through the leaves of the trees. They drag these pieces to the doors of their abodes, and after some hours' toil leave off work, and many of the bits of grass may be seen collected around the orifice. They continue out of sight for perhaps a month, but they are never idle. On one occasion, a good bundle of grass was laid down for my bed, on a spot which was quite smooth and destitute of plants. The ants at once sounded the call to a good supply of the grass. I heard them incessantly nibbling and carrying away all the night; and they continued all next day (Sunday) and all that night too with unabated energy. They had thus been thirty-six hours at it, and seemed as fresh as ever. In some situations, if we remained a day, they devoured the grass beneath my mat, and would have eaten that too, had we not lain down more grass. At some of their operations they beat time in a curious manner. Hundreds of them are engaged in building a large tube, and they wish to beat it smooth. At a signal, they all give three or four energetic beats on the plaster in unison. It produces a sound like the dropping of rain off a bush when touched. These insects are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. But for their labors, the tropical forests, bad as they are now with fallen trees, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassable on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface, and emitting worse effluvia than the comparatively small buried collections do now. When one looks at the wonderful adaptations throughout creation, and the varied operations carried on with such wisdom and skill, the idea of second causes looks clumsy. We are viewing the direct handwork of Him who is the one and only Power in the universe; wonderful in counsel; in whom we all live and move and have our being.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK."—When on the Continent, my extraordinary sights had been certain to attract Beckford's attention—anything like conjuring or magic rousing his curiosity. In Paris, about the revolutionary time, 1789, he stated that he met with an individual who said he would introduce him to a real magician. Everybody then believed in supernatural things. The personage in question was an old man, who lived in a remote part of the city. He described the approach to the man's residence as being through a carpenter's yard, apparently deserted. Passing on, he entered a large apartment, in which he was met by the owner, in a magician's garb. There was tapestry on the walls, which were decorated with a number of tasteful ornaments. At the back of the room was a garden, the descent to which was by stone steps. On the summit of these stood a large vase, apparently filled with spring water. After a little ordinary conversation, the stranger desired his visitor to look into the vase. "Was the water transparent, clear?" "Yes." The exhibitor then uttered some kind of abracadabra, and the water seemed to become at once full of the most extraordinary creatures, in all sorts of animal combinations. The water, too, suddenly appeared full of appearances of the most astonishing kind, and drew back, hardly knowing whether it was reality or deception. He had scarcely recovered from his surprise and admiration, when the whole of the creatures disappeared;—even the old man had taken himself off. It was the most mysterious thing he had ever encountered. He was certain it was a trick; but how performed, and why, as he had paid nothing for the exhibition, he never discovered; for he never saw the chief performer afterwards. Nelson being at Fonthill, he proposed to give the hero a drive through his grounds. He had a ride, from fifteen to twenty miles in extent, through his plantations. He drove four very gentle animals, of which he had a perfect command. Nelson took a place by his side, but, observing the horses a little lively, he became uneasy, and, in a few moments requested his host to pull up, he "could not bear it any longer." This is a singular instance of the effect of habit in a brave man, of whom a battery of cannon quickened the courage, and who dreaded no foe, sword in hand.—*From Redding's Recollections.*

HOW OUR ANCESTORS BRIBED.—There is a variety most creditable to English invention in the way in which our ancestors administered their bribes. At one place a mysterious person used to arrive with the cash, known as the "Man in the Moon," who approached at night-fall, and was at once met with, "What news from the moon?" This was a poetic form. Then there was the humorous form. "I'll lay you five guineas," said a celebrated canvasser in Fox's contest of 1784, "and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr. Fox." "Done!" says the free and independent, and wins his bet and bribe. Another playful plan was to buy the elector's canary at a price that would have been handsome for a bird of Paradise—a very pretty kind of bird fancying! Sometimes men showed perfect genius in availing themselves of professional advantages. Thus a military gentleman employed in the recruiting service once stood for Great Grimsby, and enlisted a majority of the voters for soldiers with a liberal bounty! Such anecdotes as these constitute the literature of electioneering; and there is probably not a town or county in England where there is not an elderly gentleman with a small batch of them. In a contest a good many years ago in North Briton, one of the parties had strong reasons to suspect a particular voter of having taken a bribe—a considerable bribe, too—for votes were valuable. A sharp enemy resolved to make an attempt on him. Accordingly, as the man entered the poll, he whispered in his ear rapidly—"They're making a fool of you, Jack; they are a bad 'un." "The scoundrels!" exclaimed his dupe; and down on the table he flung a batch of notes. They were impounded at once by the authorities, and the man's suffrage was invalidated.—*Quarterly Review.*

Bayard Taylor thinks that "Sweden and the United States will in the end establish the fact that larger bier is more efficacious in preventing intemperance, than any amount of prohibitory law."

Democritus laughed at the whole world, but at nothing more in it, than people's pursuit of riches and honor.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW;

OR, JESSIE BROWN.

Founded on an Incident in the Siege.

PART I.
I was the colonel's daughter,
Jessie Brown was the corporal's wife,
And we worked like loving sisters,
In the trenches for dear life.

She was a Highland lassie,
While I was English born,
And we had toiled together in Lucknow,
From the midnight to the morn.

Our hearts were very heavy,
For our succors seemed at hand,
While around us glared the Sepoys
Those tigers of the land.

So she sunk into a slumber,
With her head upon my knee,
While I battled with a drowsiness
Which crept stealthily o'er me.

For against her Highland vigor,
I had matched my English pride,
And bone and muscle have never
As yet with honor died.

But we were resting near to
The sentry's solemn beat,
So I glided into slumber,
'Neath the pacing of his feet.

And in my dreams I wandered
To my native land away,
And stood beside my mother,
The Queen of Bithemes May.

When a sudden shriek recalled me
To Lucknow's trench again—
'Twas Jessie Brown who shouted,
In a voice which pierced my brain:

"Dinna ye hear it now, men,
Over the hills a'wa',
'Tis the phiboch of the Highlanders!
Oh! God has saved us!"

As tho' an angel trumpet
Had sounded through the sky,
The soldiers all stood listening,
Till my father made reply.

"You have been dreaming, Jessie,
No help for us is nigh—
The sound you heard, poor lassie,
Was the Sepoy's demon cry!

But, by the heavens above us,
Before ye leaves fall
Into those devil's clutches,
This hand shall slay ye all!"

He raised it in the sunlight,
He raised it white and fair,
And on its snowy whiteness
I saw God's image there.

PART II.
But Jessie stood unconscious,
With her ear against the hill,
While the bearded warriors round her
Were as marble statues still!

Her eyes were fixed and trance-like,
Her lips were half apart,
She seemed to hold her breathing,
And to stop her beating heart.

As I looked on her in stupor,
She raised her hand on high,
And shrieked, in a voice of gladness
Which rang thro' earth and sky—

"Now, dinna ye hear the phiboch
Over the hills a'wa'!
And the slogan of the Campbell,
The grandest of them a'!"

As tho' a bolt had smote her,
She fell before us all,
With such a sudden motion
I could not break her fall!

And as I gently raised her,
To rest her on my knee,
We heard the phiboch playing
Its Highland melody.

And we saw the tartan bonnets,
Then our soldiers' bayonets,
Methinks I hear it still,
And on the noble army,

Through blood and smoke and flame,
Within the glare of Lucknow
Like Christ's salvation came.

Deep were the many greetings
Of the saviors and the saved,
And proudly o'er the ramparts
The flag of Britain waved.

While the gallant warriors plighted
That night in the burning glass,
The health of Jessie Brown,
The Highland bonnie lass;

And sung "Hail to the phiboch,
That came o'er the hills a'wa',
And hail to the Campbell's Slogan,
The grandest of them a'!"

HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle.

He was red haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supreme contempt for its next neighbor. His face was as freckled as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a large lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was as uncouth as his face was ugly. The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle—what was more still, Ben had a handsome, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a country lawn.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one day, "did you ever get a such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen, quack-assed monster?"

"Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith began to solve the mystery thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't cotted by none of your party, and hifalutin airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Kate was allers considerable the purtiest girl in these parts, and all the young fellows in the neighborhood used to try to cote her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But marry sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide in the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no sires. But still I couldn't help going, an' my heart would kinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk with Kate. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me like, it almost killed me sure; I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast, and declared I'd hang myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No; daddly blazed out to me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so that I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow.

"Well, so one Monday mornin'—(I reckon it was a year after that hanging scrape)—I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor; and put on my new copperas britches, and a new lincsey coat mammy had dyed with assafrafs bark, and went over to Uncle Sammy's. Now, I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I never cheeped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued Ben, "How a fellow will feel sometimes? 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart jumped and fluttered like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got there and saw Kate with her new checked home-spun frock on, I rally thought I should take the blink staggers, any-how."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes, and then continued:

"Well, I found the order of the day, was to go muscading-hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters, and Jim Bowls was ther. I'd knowed a long time that Sharp was right after Kate, and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find his way out of a tater patch; but I didn't let on. Sharp had on white britches and fine shoes, and broadcloth overcoat, but everybody knowed he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, and you ought to have seen the airs he put on. It was 'Miss Kate' this, and 'Miss Kate' that, and all such nonsense. After a while we come near a slough which we had to cross on logs, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good-for-nothing into the water."

"Why didn't you?"

"Stop, never mind, said Ben, giving me a nudge, Providence done that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across fast. He jumped on the log in high glee and took Kate's hand, and they put off. Just as they got half way across, a tarantula big bull frog jumped off into the water—you know how they holler—'Snakes!' screamed the fool, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water. And what dy'e think he done? Why run backwards and forwards, a hollerin' for a pole to help Kate out of the water. Kate looked at me, and I couldn't stand it no longer. Curechuck I lit ten feet from the bank at the first jump, and had Kate out of there in no time. And dy'e think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out, and said: 'Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?'

"My dander was up. I couldn't stand it; I cotched him by the seat of his white britches and his coat collar, and gin him a toss. Maybe he didn't get clear under when he hit the water. I didn't see him out. Mo and Kate put for the house. When we started off, Kate said:

"Ben, just let me hold on to your arm, I kinder feel sorter weak."

"Gepeat Jimmy! I felt so queer when she took hold. I tried to say something nice, but my drotted mouth would not go off, no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimberly Kate said:

"Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good for nothing, sneaking, cowardly nobody; ef he ever puts his head inside of our house again, I'll souse him with dish-water, sure."

"I tried to say something again, but hang the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but squeezed Kate's hand, and sighed like a cranky bellows."

"When we'd got clean out of sight of the others, Kate says:

"Ben, I feel that you are my protector, and believe daddly's right when he says you're worth all the rest of the boys in the neighborhood."

"Ben Purtle," says I, "this is a great day for you," and I made a tremendous effort to get my mouth off again, and out it popped, sure enough, "Kate," said I, trembling all over, "I love you to destruction, and no mistake. I've loved you long and hard. My heart's been almost broken for years; and I want you to say right straight up and down, whether you're a-going to have me or not!"

"Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed. Says I, 'Kate, ef you're a gwine to have me, say so, and ef you don't want to say so, just squeeze my hand!'

"Well, she squeezed my hand right off. Lorry how I did feel. I felt like a stream of warm water or assafrafs tea, sweetened with molasses, was running through my bones—and I just cotched her in my arms and kissed her, and she never tried the first time to get loose."

Ben was so overcome with this narration of courtship, that a pause for breath was necessary.

"How long after that," said I, "before you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so was

"The old 'oman, about the thing, and we married next fall after the muscading scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet?" I asked.

"Why, Lordy, yes. She thinks I'm the purtiest and best fellow in the world. I tell you, sir, it's no use talking; highfalutin airs, and quality dressing, and cologne, and such things, ain't gwine to go down with sensible gals, sure."

ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the wilderness of winter
There is one doth dwell apart,
In a most fantastic dwelling,
That he builded like a heart.

Closed—Closed—
Window and door—
Bolted and barred forevermore!

The traveller travelling there at dawn,
Hearth a voice that saith "Alack!"
But the walls are thick, and the curtains are drawn—
The curtains are all black—

Hearth a voice that saith "Alack!"
But no answereth at the knock,
And to the visitor, through the lock,
An echo crieth back

For the master of that mansion
Lives all alone and aloof,
As the snow, the snow, the snow,
Which I know is on my roof;

As the snow in the clouds, and the frost in the skies,
Over my roof, over my roof,
FORCE THE WILLSON.

DEATH OF RACHEL.—The foreign journals give sketches of the famous actress whose remarkable tragic powers have been witnessed by so many people in this country. Her early history is cited as forming a startling and romantic contrast to the fame and prosperity she afterwards attained. She was born March 24th, 1820, at the little Swiss village of Munt, and in early life accompanied her parents through Switzerland and Germany, as they went about selling articles at fairs. The family, at times, it is said, suffered great privations from their poverty, but by the talents of their daughter they were raised to affluence. The following admirable notice of the deceased is from Lloyd's Weekly:

"Her story is an interesting one. The daughter of a common hawker, she began life by singing outside the Boulevard cafes, and picking up sous from the coffee-drinkers. In this position she attracted attention, was befriended, obtained a hearing at a theatre, and so made known the fiery genius that was within her."

As the best tragedian of her time—as the great actress who could give life even to those automata called men and women in classic French tragedy—as the wild woman, with an inextinguishable fire in her heart, who, in the stormy days of the last revolution drew the tri-color about her spare form and chaunted, in ghostly tones, 'The Marseillaise,' she is identified with her time. She has lived only thirty-seven years; yet, for many winters past, has every movement, every saying, every project, connected with her name deeply interested her countrymen. Her death leaves a gap in her world that will not easily be filled up. She was an original genius, and we must deplore the extinction of her fire; for in these times we are not overburdened with real and great inspiration."

A FOX'S EFFRONTERY.—One evening, in snowy weather, when we were returning from a wild boar chase, a hare started before us in the open plain, and made off directly for the wood. A few of our dogs observed her, and followed her. But she had scarcely time to reach the thicket before we heard her utter a cry of distress. I imagined that one of our dogs had caught her, or else that she was taken in a trap; I ran off, as fast as my legs could carry me, in order to take possession of her before the dogs arrived and ate her up. But it was quite a different joke to that; Pussay still continued to scream, and her voice sounded more distant as I approached the spot. Curious to find out the enigma, I redoubled my efforts to gain a young wood close at hand, which the animal must pass, and have the mystery explained. What do I behold? A fox, who has broken cover twenty paces from me, dragging and towing the unhappy hare over the snow, and, as may easily be supposed, not a little encumbered with so heavy a burden. Such impudence merited chastisement; the culprit was not allowed a moment's respite. The shameless wretch had had the audacity, on hearing the dogs, to go and meet the hare, and snatch it away from them under their very noses, not three hundred yards from the starting-point.—*Titan.*

GENERAL HAVELOCK.—The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times says:—

"The deceased General has been a prominent character in Indian history for nearly twenty years. He was one of the few who passed through the Afghan campaigns with added reputation. In the first Punjab war he was Lord Hardinge's most trusted friend. A slight, spare man, about five feet five inches in height, with an emaciated face and an eagle eye, he belonged emphatically to the class who have never to contend with disobedience or mutiny. As a general, he was the best tactician we have had in India; and as an officer, though stern, and sometimes exacting, his antique heroism made him the idol of his men. He was, indeed, perhaps the bravest man in his own army, and was never so chatty or agreeable as under fire. Like most of our Indian statesmen and soldiers, the Lawrence, Edwards, Nicholson, Montgomery, and many others, he was a Christian of the old stamp: a strong, God-fearing Puritan man, who thought often in Scriptural phrase, and deemed it no shame to teach his soldiers to pray. 'Turn out the saints,' said Lord Gough on one occasion, when he anticipated desperate work: 'Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk.'"

A LABOR FOR SCIENCE.—A geologist in England, Mr. S. H. Beckles, Esq., F. G. S., in order to ascertain if mammas, or other air-breathing animals of a high order, existed in any number during the age in which the Secondary rocks were deposited, has caused to be removed many thousands tons of rock, and laid bare an area of nearly seven thousand square feet. He found in a bed of Secondary rocks splendid specimens of mammas, which destroys the theory that a fish by length of time becomes a reptile, an ape, and finally a man, and which tends to prove that not merely species, but whole orders were created from time to time by some absolute act of the Almighty mind.

Useful Receipts.

PREVENTIVE OF POTATO ROT.—A subscriber informs us that one bushel of air-slaked lime to one hundred bushels of potatoes, well spread through the heap, will prevent the potatoes from rotting in the bin.—*Maine Farmer.*

RUST ON GUN-BARRELS.—I would recommend the following recipe for preventing rust on gun-barrels:—3 oz. black-lead; 4 lb. hogs' lard; 4 oz. camphor, boiled upon a slow fire. The gun-barrel to be rubbed with this, and after thirty-six hours rubbed off with a linen cloth—twice in the winter will be sufficient. I have used the above for the last two years, during which time my barrels have been in constant use upon the sea coast, and have never been rusted. It gives the barrels a beautiful gloss. After washing, a little neat's-foot oil, occasionally applied with a hare's foot, is useful.—*London Field.*

TO PREVENT COWS LOSING THEIR MILK.—Francis Van Doren, of Adrian, Michigan, had a valuable cow that lost much of her milk, and found a preventive in placing an India rubber ring around the teat after milking. He says this is found effectual.

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—A cure I know to be sure, it having cured a valuable horse for me, after lameness of two years, during which time the horse was not harnessed. I have used her on road and farm for nine years since the cure. Take 1 oz. of camphor gum; 1 oz. oil of spike; 1 oz. hartshorn; 1 oz. spirits of turpentine. Shake well together, and it is fit for use; put it on above the ring, and rub it in with the finger. Use twice a day.—*Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

WASHING RECEIPT.—Take one pound soda and a half pound unslaked lime, put them in a gallon of water, and let them boil twenty minutes; let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet enough; then wring them out and rub plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teaspoonful of washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse through two waters well, and your clothes will look better than they did by the old way of washing twice before boiling.

This is invaluable, and every poor, tired woman should try it. With a patent tub to do the rubbing, the washerwoman might take the tub and compose herself on the lounge, and let the washing do itself. The exchange paper from which we copy the above, says it is worth \$100.

CURE FOR A DRY COUGH.—Take of powdered gum arabic half an ounce, liquorice juice half an ounce. Dissolve the gum first in warm water, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, then add of paregoric, two drachms, syrup of squills one drachm. Cork all in a bottle and shake well. Take one teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

STRANGE CURB FOR EPILEPSY.—An instance of the utility of a black silk handkerchief in cases of epilepsy occurred two days ago in Paris. A young girl fell down in the public streets in a strong epileptic fit. A crowd immediately collected round her, but for some moments nobody could think of any means of assistance. A policeman, however, coming up, and seeing what was the matter, asked a bystander to lend him a black silk neck-cloth, and, having obtained it, he covered the girl's face with the silk, and in the course of a few seconds she began to recover. The convulsions ceased, consciousness returned, and in a short time she got up and walked quietly home, having first thanked the officer for his kindness. A medical man, who happened to be present towards the termination of the scene, complimented the policeman, and said to him: "You have taught me a mode of treatment of which I shall avail myself in future."—*Standard.*

SOAP MAKING.—The following recipe for making soap is by a lady who took the premium for a very superior article at the late Fair of the Virginia State Agricultural Society:—

"Have ready hickory lye, strong enough to bear an egg, showing the size of a dime above the surface of the lye. To three pounds of clean fat, after being melted, add two gallons of the lye and a bit of lime the size of a walnut; boil fast, and stir frequently. When it has boiled an hour, stir in two more gallons of the lye; continue to stir it often, and always one way. After it has boiled for several hours, take out a spoonful and cool it on a plate; if it does not jelly, add a very little water; if this causes it to jelly, add water to that in the kettle—stir it very quickly while the water is poured in, till you perceive that it ropes on the stick, or becomes heavy. When this is the case, you have what is called jelly soap, or soft soap by some.

To make it hard, stir one quart of salt into the kettle, and let it boil ten minutes longer; set it by to cool. Next day cut the soap out of the kettle, and clarify it by melting it over, adding water enough barely to cover it; let it just come to a boil, and set it away. When perfectly cool and firm, turn it out of the oven, scrape off any of the residuum that may adhere to the cake of soap, cut it in pieces, and place it on boards to harden.

"To make this soap fit for toilet purposes, it is only necessary to cut it into thin shavings, place it in a very nice tin pan, add a little water, scarcely enough to cover the shavings; set it on some embers and stir and beat it with a nice spoon till it becomes a smooth jelly; while in this state, if you wish to color it dissolve Chinese vermilion in a little water, and stir it in till you get the desired hue; take it off the fire, and add oil of lavender, bergamot, sassafras, or any other essential oil, the scent of which you like; and while it is somewhat liquid pour it into moulds."

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—He who leaves the ideal for the real is in the condition of Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott." who left contemplating the mere images of things for the things themselves. Her happiness was dependent on her remaining ever content to weave into her "magic web" the "shadows" of beauty which she saw reflected in a mirror; and "a curse was on her," should she turn from the mirror to grasp at the possession of the realities it imagined. But the romantic semblance of "bold Sir Launeloot" was too seducing. She left the loom to look upon the knight, in his substance—

Out flew the web, and floated wide:
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott!

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IT'S BETTER TO GRIN THAN TO GROWL.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Let hard times assail us,
Let poverty mail us,
Like mystical horse-shoes to every wall,
Let deep tribulation
And fierce desolation
Spread over all lands like a funeral pall;
Through empty our purses,
Through creditors' curse us,
And quarters are squeezed till the eagles all howl,
Let's have merry faces,
And smiles for all places,
Remembering 'tis better to grin than to growl!

What though banks are breaking,
And 'big houses' quaking,
Lest one day undo all they ever have done,
Our cronies can't mend it,
Our weeping won't end it,
Why not take the bright side and call it all fun?
Will forfeited pleasures
Or imbecile measures
Bring back our lost confidence? Lift the dark cowl!
No! No! To-day's sorrow
Brings no brighter tomorrow;
When things will go bad, let us grin and not growl!

But let us keep thinking
That though we are sinking,
We can't go much further, because it won't pay!
The old saw not forgetting,
That's cured lots of fretting,
"The hour that is darkest is just before day."
Though vacant our purses,
Though creditors curse us,
The quarters are squeezed till the eagles all howl,
Let's keep merry faces,
And smiles for all places,
For surely 'tis better to grin than to growl!

A STORY OF A FOG.

As the evenings became long and the country dull, my friend Thompson yielded to the entreaties of his wife and daughters that they should give an evening party; and once enlisted in the undertaking, he determined that it should be done well, for, in pleasure as in business, he liked to do the right thing; he therefore willingly undertook the execution of a number of commissions in town from a copious list furnished by Mrs. T. Thompson is a London merchant, head of a great indigo house of Thompson, Son & Co., of Blue Lane, and too sensible a man to live in the smoke and dirt of the great city; his neat and well-appointed villa, about twelve miles down the North-Western line, and within a short drive of a convenient station, is the very *beau ideal* of what the residence of a well-to-do city gentleman ought to be.

On leaving home in the morning of the day of the party, Thompson of course received strict injunctions from his wife, backed by the rest of the female portion of his family, to be sure to come home early, which he readily promised to do, if possible; and after making some remarks about the claims of business, laughingly bade them not to forget the standing direction to despatch the vehicle (he would not allow either himself or his wife or daughters to call his handsome equipage "the carriage") by the turnpike-road to meet him, if by chance he should not return by the last train. He fully intended, however, to be home an hour or two earlier than usual, so as to take down with him the loes, game, extra wines, and other requisites for a first-rate "sit-down" supper, and to be able to decant the wine himself, and generally assist Mrs. T. in the final arrangements before his guests should arrive. But it so happened, that on reaching the city, Mr. Thompson found an unusual mass of things demanding his attention. He soon gave up all idea of getting away early, but managed to execute his commissions, which he sent off by the train he had hoped to go by.

But even the hour of what he called his own train passed before he could get through the unexpected pressure of business, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the last—the last, that is, that stopped at his station—which left London at nine o'clock. This was annoying, and the waiting would have been irksome but that he occupied himself in fetching up some arrears of correspondence, and in other business matters; and finally, sending for a Hansom cab, he started in capital time for Euston Square, not so much vexed at his detention as those who are not "business-men" might imagine.

The day had been dark and snowy, and with the night came a sharp frost and fog, which latter got thicker and thicker as they drove up Holborn. At length, just as they entered one of the squares, the "London peculiar" became so dense that it was difficult for the driver to take his bearings even by the aid of the lamps, which had dwindled into mere specks of light, visible occasionally here and there. The Jehu of the high-wheeled cab was reduced to a walk, and even at that cautious pace made some very unfortunate speculations as to his course, now grating against the railings of the enclosure in the centre of the square, and now getting on the foot-pavement.

"Push on, cabby," said Thompson, coaxingly, during one of the numerous stoppages that occurred.

"Easy said, sir," replied cabby; "but while my wheel is locked in these here railings, I don't see where I can push to, unless it's down the hairy."

Just then the fog cleared off a little, and exhibited to both fare and driver the curious fact that they had been going back, the horse's head being turned towards Holborn. The true state of affairs, however, being thus ascertained, cabby wheeled about, and was going along at a spanking pace to make up for lost time, when another dense mass of fog loomed over, and all was again in total obscurity. This was most provoking, for the time was getting on; yet to advance beyond a walk was impossible.

"Pray, push on, cabby," said Thompson, again popping out his head, "or we shall be too late for the train, after all; push on, and I'll see if I can't find an extra half-crown for you."

Thompson had a strong conviction that half-crowns, in number suited to the occasion, could do any thing; and cabby, by his increased efforts, proved the influence of the stimulus. But it would not do the old difficulties recurred, and finally, while Thompson, getting desperate, was alternately persuading, threatening, and hinting at even additional half-crowns, St. Pancras clock struck nine.

It was all over; the last train was starting. What would Mrs. Thompson say? What would his visitors think? and what was to be done? But Thompson was never long in a dilemma; he was a man of business; he was not an individual to be beaten by a fog; and so, relying that his "vehicle" would come to meet him, when it was found that he did not arrive by the nine o'clock

train, he agreed with cabby to drive him towards Harrow-on-the-Hill as fast as he could. Between the cab and the "vehicle" the distance might be managed, he reckoned, in about an hour and a quarter, or say an hour and twenty minutes (business men, especially those who travel by railways, always calculate to a nicety), so that he would still get home before supper; and the bargain for two shillings a mile, and a glass of brandy and water by way of an extra fillip, was at once concluded.

The Harrow Road was reached in less time than could be hoped; and Thompson now suggested to cabby the probability of even a second glass of brandy and water, if that pace were kept up. But as they came upon the open country road, it was so extremely slippery that such a pace was dangerous; and at the foot of the hill at Kensal Green they were once more reduced to a walk. Up that steep bit of road, glazed with a layer of frozen snow, there was no hold for the horse's feet; and the fog, driven by a keen east wind, was rapidly enveloping the north-western suburbs, and even the country beyond, where, mingling with a thick white mist, caused by the sudden frost in a moist atmosphere, it became even more dense than it was in London. This greatly increased the difficulty of getting up the hill; and the horse at last, after slipping, straining, and plunging, lost his footing, and fell.

"Whip him up," cried Thompson, who, though not a cruel man, looked upon the matter from a purely business point of view, in which the fall appeared a kind of breach of contract that ought to be dealt with in a summary manner. Without deigning a reply, cabby jumped down, and proceeded to loosen by a hole or two some of the harness, to lift the shafts a little, so as to take the weight from the shoulder, and in other ways to assist the fallen horse. But nothing would avail; there was no hold for his feet on that sloping sheet of ice; after each effort the struggling animal fell again, and at last gave up the attempt and lay perfectly still.

Thompson, who was not a man to stand by and do nothing, let himself out; and groping his way round to the driver, whom he could not see in the fog, put the searching question, "what he meant to do?"

"There's only one thing as'll ever get that horse up again this blessed night," said cabby.

"And what's that?"

"Why, something as we haven't got."

"Well, what is it?" repeated Thompson.

"Why, a horse-cloth," replied cabby, "or a blanket; or any ways, if it wasn't a blanket, just a great-coat; you haven't a great-coat to spare, have you, sir?"

"Well, it's not exactly the night to lend a horse a great-coat," said Thompson. "But what is it for?"

"Why, you see, if I could put summat of that sort down under his fore-feet, he'd get a hold, don't you see—he'd get a hold, and be up in a twinkling."

Now, Thompson's great-coat was a good one; but the affair with him was merely a matter of business. Was the result worth the damage likely to be done? Was the pithy question he put to himself. By a rapid process of mental arithmetic he assessed the probable injury, estimated the advantage to be derived *per centum*, and with his usual business-like celerity decided that it was. In another minute cabby was spreading Thompson's great-coat under the feet of his prostrate steed, and both together were holding it tightly down to the ground like a bedside carpet.

With this luxurious assistance, which gave the fore-feet a secure bearing, a plunge and a struggle brought the poor beast on his legs again; but he was so irritated by his previous failures, and so startled by his sudden success, that before cabby could seize the reins he was off, sliding and scrambling over the slippery road like an awkward lad contending with his first pair of skates, but at a speed that soon left both driver and fare far behind. Cabby darted after his horse; and in an instant nothing could be heard or seen of cab or driver but a dull rumble of wheels and a voice, as if wrapped up in a blanket, shouting, "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" which grew fainter and fainter every moment.

Thompson's first impulse was to follow at once, as fast as the fog and his thirteen stone of solid flesh would allow; but he could not, in the darkness, lay his hand upon his great-coat. He had started back to some little distance, when the horse struggled up and plunged forward, and he could not, for the life of him, find the place again; nothing but the cold frozen snow met and benumbed his fingers. Quick decision of purpose was becoming necessary; if he pursued his seemingly hopeless hunt after his coat, it was clear that he could never overtake the cab. His decision was instantly made; it would not pay to continue the search, and bettning up his body coat, he started in pursuit at a good round pace, but puffing and blowing as though he had not "trained" sufficiently for a pedestrian feat of that nature.

He could still hear faintly the rumbling of the wheels and cabby's useless "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" and if he had not walked into the hedge so often, and not found such difficulty in extricating himself from the thorns and brambles, he must soon have overtaken the object of his pursuit. But one provoking impediment or other always prevented his consummating his hopes just as he deemed himself upon the point of doing so. Yet on and on he went; and on and on again, after conquering each fresh obstacle. It seemed to him that he had thus struggled along for miles in the thick darkness, with the Will-o'-the-wisp "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" only just ahead of him.

In vain he shouted; he could hear no answer but the distant "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" He got irritated, and a natural consequence, was (exactly in the ratio of his increasing irritation) just so much the oftener in the hedge or the ditch, and each time just so much the longer getting out again. He actually began to disbelieve in many of his most strongly-rooted convictions connected with half-crowns and other matters, and his good solid common sense was beginning to waver and wander. Could it be really himself—Thompson, the eminent indigo merchant of Blue Lane—who was thus allowing himself to be lured after a strange dull sound of "Wo-ho, wo-ho!" in a thick fog, for miles and miles along a dark, slippery road, till he was ready to drop with fatigue? He was beginning to doubt his own identity, and might have decided against it, but that just then he thought he perceived the glimmer of a light. He was not mistaken, and immediately scrambled towards it, but evidently not by the proper road, as he passed through a deep ditch, and up a steep bank, breaking his way through some rotten garden palings. At



BEAU NASH.

Beau Nash's father was, says Goldsmith, a partner in a glass-house;—no inappropriate birthplace for a beau. Mr. Martin's horse may have been born, for what we know, with a pocket-mirror in his hand; he made the horse his glass-house, for wherever he went his sole contemplation was himself.

If Romulus founded Rome, Beau Nash was the founder of that celebrated watering place, Bath; for, before the beau existed, Bath was but a poor affair. He first erected it into a province of pleasure, and became, by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. Bath was his kingdom, and Tunbridge his colony. His name is inseparably allied with both places. You may as well think of walking over the field of Waterloo and forgetting Wellington, as of going to Bath, and forgetting Beau Nash. His fame and name pervade the place; you quote Anstey, but you think and talk of Beau Nash. Such are the influences and effects of genius.

Mr. Martin has drawn our Lycurgus of a beau contemplating the graces of his person in a new mirror fresh from the glass-house of his father at Swansea. He has just concocted his noble code of laws for the regulation of the city-balls and his thoughts are divided between the consequence of his person and the civilizing effects of his new edict. He has no idea of "Folly at full length," but bows and simpers while achieving an imaginary conquest, or sneers with a kind of proud satisfaction, as if foreseeing the way in which some rebel lady has been made amenable at last to the wise provisions of his law.

Our beau was very rude at times—rude both in sentiment and language. The ladies, it is true, gave him a great deal of trouble, and it was long before he could bring them within his code of dancing discipline and ball-room order. As his power and influence increased, he became

the little tyrant at Tunbridge, and the overbearing despot at Bath. He waged a long and successful war against gentlemen in boots and ladies in white aprons. "I have known him on a ball-night," says Goldsmith, "strip even the Duchess of Queensbury, and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches; observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons." The good-natured Duchess laughed and acquiesced in his censure.

When the Princess Amelia applied to him for one dance more, he refused—his laws, he said, were the laws of the Medes and Persians, laws which altered not.

It was an easy matter to tear an apron from the waist of a lady, but a difficult undertaking to extract a pair of boots from the unwilling feet of a country squire. Nash is said to have made the attempt, and in a full assembly—covering his failure with an arch air and a polite inquiry, "Why Mr. So-and-So had not brought his horse in? The beast was shod and so was his master."

But these insolent sayings were first said when Beau Nash had become the beau of three generations—when his rudeness had grown proverbial, and men laughed like the Duchess of Queensbury, and let the dandy have his own way. They could not but bow to the decision of one whose picture was taken at full-length within their ball-room, with Sir Isaac Newton and the poet Pope for the beau's supporters. They acquiesced, and let Lord Chesterfield tell why—

"Immortal Newton never spoke;
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er prand'd a joke,
More cruel on mankind."

"The picture placed the busta between,
Gives satire all her strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

"Which ditch?"

"Ah, that's what I want to come at. I've been groping about on t'other side, and now I'm going to try this."

"Which side is this side?" asked Thompson, and as he spoke he heard by the breathing that cabby was moving off. He endeavored to catch hold of him, but he was gone, and there was a silence and stillness for some seconds, when the voice of cabby was again heard calling out triumphantly,

"All right, all right, sir! here you are—all right!"

"Not quite," cried Thompson, struggling to get out of the ditch into which he had walked in his hasty endeavor to follow up the track of cabby—"not quite," he added. "But where are you?"

"Here, sir."

"Where's that?"

"Here."

"I can't tell where 'here' is."

"Well, sir, I'll drive towards you, and you follow the sound of the wheels."

But as Thompson advanced accordingly, he thought the sound of the wheels, and cabby's voice, too, grew fainter and fainter. He must have walked the wrong way after he got out of the ditch; so, like a skillful tactician, he turned in the opposite direction immediately; and feeling that he was on the crisp, frozen turf by the side of the road, where it was less slippery, he began to run again, rejoicing that he was not encumbered with his great-coat, and quite proud, in the midst of all his drawbacks, of the powers of natural locomotion which the stimulus of passing events had shown him to be so unexpectedly master of.

He was making way famously in recovery of lost ground, when suddenly what seemed a hillock rose into the air beneath his feet, carrying him up with it, and projecting him through the fog to a considerable distance. As he again reached the earth—giddy, bewildered and stunned—he had an indistinct idea of hearing a dull rushing sound, as he afterwards said, in his forcible way, like a charge of cavalry; and then his senses and consciousness abandoned him altogether, and the great Thompson lay senseless and sprawling on the snow-covered turf, where he remained for a term of which, though not very long, he never knew the exact duration.

The explanation of the mystery is very simple. He had trodden upon an old cart-horse that had been turned out to pick a little of the long winter grass at the roadside during the day, and to find a bed under shelter of the hedge at night. The poor creature, in its fright at being jumped upon during its peaceful slumbers, had suddenly sprung to its feet, and so projected Thompson into the air as described.

When he recovered from the shock, he found himself sound in wind and limb, but somewhat bewildered and confused; and was much annoyed to feel such sensations, for he had the greatest antipathy to any thing like confusion. He spent some time in trying to decide which way he should go; for though it seemed to him that the fog was less dense, it was still too thick for him to discover any landmarks for his guidance. Every thing was perfectly still; no sound of any kind broke the intense silence. At last, shivering with cold, he started off rather from the necessity of exercise to clear his brain and circulate his blood than from any very definite choice of direction. After walking some time, he gradually recovered his self-possession, as warmth crept over his numbed limbs; and his persistent efforts were rewarded by the appearance of a light dimly glimmering through the fog, which he at once hailed as that of his bar of refuge—the lamp of his cab. Pushing on with a proud sense of eventual conquest over almost unheard-of difficulties, he soon reached—not the cab, but the cottage of the Kenton carrier, from the window of which twinkled the light he had seen.

This was a terrible blow; but, as I have said, Thompson was pluck to the backbone; there was no shirking in him. The fog was evidently beginning to clear, the hedges on each side had become sufficiently visible to enable him to steer his course safely along the middle of the road, and he at once, still undaunted, proceeded to retrace his steps. A spanking walk of an hour and a half brought him to his own gates, through which he could clearly distinguish the exit of two carriages—carriages that he well knew—the headed phaeton of the Jenkines and the *char-a-banc* of the Talmages. They were the last of the departing guests—it was two o'clock in the morning.

He met Mrs. Thompson in the hall, who neither screamed with joy, nor threw herself upon his neck, nor did any of those things which a weaker minded woman would have done. She merely said:

"My dearest Thompson, how excessively late you are! And there is your man with his cab and horse in the stable-yard, who wants twenty-four shillings, as his charge for twelve miles at two shillings per mile, and two half-crowns extra; and he has had three glasses of brandy and water, which he says you promised him in addition."

At that moment the Misses Jemima and Janette Thompson came running out of the now empty ball-room, and begged their dear papa not to be vexed at his delay; they had had a delightful evening, and a beautiful supper, as the loes, and pheasants, and game-pies, and trifles, and champagne came down all safely. The *contré-temps* had not been of the slightest consequence.

And Thompson, though for a moment rather taken aback by this extremely cool view of the case, perceived the next moment that it was the true "business" view, after all.

BABOONS.

Captain Drayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. "Suddenly I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scampered off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half this performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake; the little old man turned into an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the kloof to drink. The 'old man's' cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the fogs; soon, however,

"Uprose the sun, the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around;

and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

"A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be 'doing their hair'; while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceeding; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kaffir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for bare life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mowing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kaffir cur, Jacko sprang up a tree, and resting secure on an upper bough, "gazed upwards and around, with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kaffir curs."

The baboon, when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than to frighten women, who he knows will throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made use of to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his thirst, and he is then let go; "he runs along at a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up-wind, looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is, there he is sure to go." This anecdote was corroborated by others present.—*Drayson's Sporting Scenes Among the Kaffirs.*

WOMEN, HORSES, AND TREES.

—England produces three objects which are met with everywhere, but which in this island are remarkable for their marvellous beauty—the women, the trees and the horses. Moreover, every place which raises a race of horses worthy of admiration is also peopled by pretty women. What is the cause of the coincidence it is not easy to say; but this strange correlation is not the less real. Georgia rears the best horses of the East. The plains of La Camargue, in the neighborhood of Arles, famous for its lovely girls, reserve the blood of the Moorish coursers in a state of nature; the Andalusian maid attains her perfection of form by the side of the most symmetrical steeds of the Peninsula; at Mecklenburg you behold the purest blood of Germany; and when a phalanx of amazona gallop along the avenues of the London parks the dazzled eye cannot fix itself with indifference either on the *écuyère* or the animal on which she is mounted. Let a young girl draw up her horse beneath a lofty tree, and you will contemplate, grouped in a single picture, the three marvels of England.—*The English at Home, by M. Wey.*

CHRISTMAS FOUNDLINGS.

—A touching custom has prevailed at Lyons for many years. The first child that is abandoned to the care of the Foundling Hospital the eve of Christmas day, is received with peculiar honor, and attended to with every care. A very handsome cradle, prepared beforehand, receives its little body—the softest coverings give it warmth—the kindest solicitude watches over its slumbers. The whole is designed to present the strongest contrast to the scene in the stable in which the Saviour was received in entering on his earthly existence, and to show that the being seemingly condemned to perish, the victim of vice or misery, is saved by the birth of him who was sent on earth to inculcate charity and good-will.

✂ Rough manners, especially in people of education, commonly indicate an egotistical and selfish spirit; and indeed are often assumed to give to unkindness and impertinence the appearance of simple frankness and habitual candor. The trick is a good one, but it requires a good deal of dexterity to play it well.

ONE OF SPURGEON'S PARABLES.—That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment day was come. The great Books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus said, "Separate the chaff from the wheat, put the goats on the left hand, and the sheep on the right." The mother dreamed that she and her children were standing just in the middle of the great assembly. And the angel came and said, "I must take the mother, she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats; they must go to the left." She thought, as she went, her children clutched her, and said, "Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?" She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, "My children, if possible, I would take you with me." But in a moment the angel touched her: her cheeks were dried; and now overcoming natural affection, being rendered supernatural and sublime, resigned to God's will, she said, "My children, I taught you well. I trained you up, and you forsook the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation." Thereupon, they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven!—*Spurgeon.*

AARON BURR AS A BABY.—His Mother's Story.—The following note is appended to chapter third of the third edition of Mr. Parton's Biography of Aaron Burr:

"Since the publication of the first edition of this work, it has been discovered that the private journal of Aaron Burr's mother is still in existence.

"The following is her description of Aaron when he was thirteen months old: 'January 31, 1768. Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy, very different from Sally almost in everything. He begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He has more sprightliness than Sally, and most say he is handsome, but not so good tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms.'

FUN!

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

THE LEVIATHAN LAUNCH.

MR. PUNCH deems it proper to say, with reference to the launch of the *Leviathan*, that he, of course, could have got her into the water at the shortest notice, and without the slightest difficulty. But he preferred to adhere to his practice of minding his own business, and letting other people mind theirs. Had he been called in by Mr. Brunel, Mr. PUNCH's best services would have been at that gentleman's disposal; and that he could have exhausted all the resources of science will be evident from the following selection from about fifteen hundred letters which he has received upon the subject. Most of them are of a more practical character than the majority of suggestions which have been printed by his good-natured contemporaries:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—Brunel knows nothing about anything. I could launch the ship in six hours. She is made of iron, is she not? Well, I would cast at Woolwich, and place on the opposite side of the river ten large magnets, to be prepared under Dr. Faraday's direction. They should be twenty-three feet from end to end, which, subdivided by the cube of the vessel's momentum gives the duplicate ratio of force required, as any charity-boy knows. Unless there be no such thing as attraction, she would be steadily drawn down into the stream without ram, jama, crams, trams, or dams."

"Yours obediently,
"Pig Iron Works." "TOM TUG."

"SIR,—It is from no desire to advertise my own goods, but from a conscientious conviction that there is but one way to launch the giant vessel which does so much honor to British industry and skill, that I presume to trouble you with this letter. I am a manufacturer of that graceful and instructive toy, the Child's Balloon. I propose that Mr. Brunel should purchase of me about 500,000 of my balloons, and attach them to his vessel. They would raise her into the air, and she must be guided down to the river. I would either take back the balloons at quarter price, or they might be sold to the public in memory of the event."

"Your obedient servant,
"St. Mary Haze." "BLADDERY POP."

"SIR,—These scoundrel Sepoys! Why not launch the vessel with them? Send 'em over in thousands, myriads if you like, harness 'em to the ship, and flog 'em like blazes till they run her down to the water. They'll all be drowned, you'll say. Well, so much the better."

"Yours (in haste),
"ARMY AND NAVY CLUB."

"DEAR SIR,—Why not try Electricity? The vessel, being iron, is made for the purpose. Get a battery, turn it into a battery, and lay on the conductor. She would jump, bang, into the middle of the river, and settle like a sea-gull."

"Your obedient servant,
"TYCHO BRAHE."

"Electric Telegraph Office."

"SIR,—I am an old naval gunner. Did you ever witness the effect of a broadside? If so, you will comprehend my suggestion for getting off my big neighbor, the *Leviathan*. Lay fifty of the largest ship's guns with their breeches against her lee side. Load them heavily, and fire them all at once. Their united recoil would shove her into the stream."

"Yours respectfully,
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Greenwich Hospital."

"SIR,—We are taught by the Constitution that the House of Commons is omnipotent, and that its resolution must be obeyed. I therefore propose, should the vessel not be launched by the 4th of February, to take the following course: As the vessel is on the ways, I conceive that the House must go into Ways and Means, and therefore I shall first move the House into Committee, and then the ship into the river."

"I have the honor, &c.,
"Wolurn Abbey." "JOHN RUSSELL."

(To be discontinued.)
—London Punch.

AN ALABAMA CONSTABLE AFTER ET AL.—An Alabama correspondent of *The Mobile Advertiser*, justly proud of the good things of his native State, writes to that paper as follows:—

"A certain fat constable in the county of C—w, State of Alabama, once received a writ from a Justice of the Peace, known as Josh M—e. The case was R—w vs. D—w et al. The good constable, who was more famed for his honesty than literary attainments, was sorely puzzled at et al. So, after keeping the writ for a week, he entered the Justice's office with much anxiety depicted on his countenance, and saluted Squire Josh with this exclamation: 'Josh, who's the et al? I've been looking for him all over the county for a week, and I can't find him. I don't believe there's any such man in C—w.'"

TAXABLE PROPERTY.—The following is a literal copy of the list handed in to the assessors, under the laws of Connecticut, requiring a sworn list of all taxable property:

E—w B—w list for 1857:

To 35 acres of land worth \$400. House and barn not in atlas only a place where theas and Robbers brakes info and steels all I put into them.

My head which people see I must put it which is so weeke and feeble is not worth nothing at all.

My wife is no use to me at all, and she is gon all the time nothin at all.

10 Sheep \$32.00

One old tom Cat 25

One Kitten half price 124

—Providence Journal.

HOW TO CARVE YOUR FORTUNE.—Cut your poor relations, and slice away as deeply as you can into the pockets of others. Help yourself always first, before you think of helping anybody else, and help no man that is not likely to help you in return. Be careful about forking out, until you have secured as much as, if not more than, you want.

HOW TO CARVE YOUR WAY THROUGH A CROWD.—Get a chimney-sweep to walk before you.

HOW TO CARVE YOURSELF A NAME.—Fine chiselling will do it, so that your name, in a short time, will figure very largely in all the police reports.

THE BEST WAY OF CARVING A GOOSE.—Cut him up finely, in the presence of his lady-love.

LOVE AND PHYSIC.

A clever man was Dr. Dig.
Misfortunes fell he bore,
He never lost his patience till
He had no patients more;
And though his practice once was large,
It did not swell his gains,
The pains he labored for were but
The labor for his pains.

Though "art is long," his cash got short,
And well might Gales dread it,
For who will trust a name unknown,
When merit gets no credit?
To marry seemed the only way
To ease his mind of trouble,
Misfortunes never singly come,
And misery makes them double.

He had a patient, rich and fair,
That hearts by scores were breaking,
And as he once had felt her wail,
He thought her hand of taking;
But what the law makes strangers do,
Did strike his comprehension;
Who live in these United States,
Do first declare intention.

And so he called—his beating heart
With anxious fears was swelling—
And half in habit took her hand,
And on her tongue was dwelling;
But thrice, though he essayed to speak,
He stopped, and stuck, and blundered,
For say, what mortal could be cool,
Whose pulse was most a hundred?

"Madame," at last he falters out—
His love had grown courageous—
"I have discerned a new complaint,
I hope to prove contagious;
And when the symptoms I relate,
And show its diagnosis,
Ah, let me hope from these dear lips,
Some favorable prognosis."

"This done," he cries, "let's tie those ties
Which none but death can sever;
Since 'like cures like' I do infer
That love cures love forever."
He paused—she blushed, however strange
It seems on first perusal,
Although there was no promise made,
She gave him a refusal.

"I cannot marry one who lives
By other folks' distresses—
The man I marry I must love,
Not for his fond caresses;
For who, whatever be their sex,
However strange the case is,
Would like to have a doctor's bill
Stuck up into their faces?"

Perhaps you think 'twixt love and rage
He took some deadly potion,
Or with his lancet breached a vein
To ease his pulse's motion.
To guess the vent of his despair,
The wisest ones might miss it;
He reached his office—then and there
He charged her for the visit.

A REFORM IN CRITICISM WRITING.—We have lately purchased French, Italian, Latin, Greek, German, and English dictionaries, and are now prepared to give our readers a criticism on the opera, which they can understand. We have been to much trouble, to translate our Musical Critic's article, and hope that the public will be proportionately grateful.

"Last Wednesday was the last night of Robert the Devil (*Robert la Diable*), with the great cast of Mrs. the Grange (*Mad. la Grange*), Mrs. Carlioli, and Messrs. Brignoli, Labrocetta, and Charles Formes, in the principal parts. Mr. Charles Formes has a fine profound low (*basso profundo*) voice, which contrasts well in the tenor (*tenore robusto*) of Mr. Brignoli. Mrs. Carlioli gave the air (*aria*) of "Robert, thee whom I love" (*Robert, toi que j'aime*), in a much less fresh-colored red (*forid*) manner than we are accustomed to hear it in, but the little park (this is the best translation of *parquet* we can give) seemed to be favorably struck with it. Mrs. the Grange's singing was, as usual, full of mind (*esprit*) and sympathy. The put-in-scene (*mise en scene*) was good, and the audience appreciative, although the opera produced no fury (*furore*). Mr. Charles Formes received many nose-gays (*bouquets*), and altogether, the performance was highly satisfactory. Miss Rolla's step alone (*pas seul*) in the third act, we must not omit to mention as fully worthy of the reputation borne by that female dancer (*dansseuse*). —New York Picayune.

LEVELLING FOR LOVERS.—From Smiles to the Station at Kises is 500 signs, from Kises to Pop-the-Question is 1,500 signs, and from thence to the Terminus of Pa's Consent is 2,500 signs, making a grand total of 4,500 signs. To arrive at Pa's Consent, however, the engine of Love has to ascend a steep incline, the gradients of which are enormous—2 in 3—causing a vast number of signs to be heavily drawn in reaching it. Some sentimental surveyors have therefore proposed to facilitate the communication between Pop-the-Question and Pa's Consent, (which may easily be done if they can raise sufficient capital), or failing that, to form a loop-line to Ma's. Being personally interested in the undertaking, we wish it success with all our heart. The estimated saving is not far short of a thousand signs! —Punch.

A SAILOR'S MAIN WANT.—We remember once seeing a specimen of a sailor's letter, which ran in this wise:

"Dear Jack—I want you to send me some pigtail tobacco, a tarpaulin hat, and a pair of duck trousers. You must be sure and send the pigtail. If you forget everything else, don't forget the pigtail. Send me lots of pigtail."

Your friend,
"N. B. Be sure and remember the pigtail."

"P. S. Don't forget the pigtail."

PROMOTION IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.—As promotion in the army is still a fertile subject of conversation, our readers will thank us for showing in a few words what promotion was like in the English army just a century ago. The following letter, written in 1757, is much to the point:—

To the Right Honourable the Secretary at War.

Sir—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Hakeney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.

I have, &c.

Mark the modesty of the appeal. Above all, mark the difference in the years. Minorca was taken in 1758, and lost in 1756—forty-eight years a Lieutenant! What must have been the man's feelings? We wonder what reply Fox—afterwards Lord Holland—who was then Secretary at War, made to so pointed an appeal. Is Fox's answer among the records of the War Office? —London News.



DELIGHTFUL BALL, ACCORDING TO THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

Our readers doubtless have noticed the proposition credited to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, that gentlemen should dance with gentlemen at parties. The *London Punch* illustrates the idea as above, and adds the following:—

THE SPURGEON QUADRILLES.
The following are the figures of these Quadrilles, as authorized by the reverend gentleman who has discovered that dancing is proper, but that partners being of opposite sexes is not so. The Quadrilles are sold with Mr. Spurgeon's portrait and autograph.

I.
Ladies advance and leave the room. Opposite gentlemen advance, groan, and retire. Sides the same. Set to partners, and turn up eyes to ceiling. All jump as high as possible till tired.

II.
Gentlemen rise and leave the room. Ladies

enter and to places. Dance *ad libitum*, and that only waltz, polka, or mazurka be permitted.

III.
Ladies leave the room. First gentleman advance, sing a hymn, and run round the room as hard as he can go. Second and others follow, and all run round together, and finally out at the door.

IV.
Ladies enter, and to places. Stand still, beating time with one foot whilst first lady recites hymn. All round. Opposite lady the same, and then sides. Walk slowly from room.

V.
All go home, but separately, mind, and a deacon is to take care that the ladies shall not be another, and that there is no nonsense about being "seen home," and the like.

Agricultural.

ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE.

On the 13th of January, at Windsor (Eng.), Mr. J. S. Rarey, from the United States of America, had the honor of exhibiting before Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the royal family and suite, in the riding-house, his miraculous power over the horse. Several animals were selected as subjects of his experiments. He commenced with a wild colt eighteen months old, belonging to the Prince Consort, which was brought from Shaw Farm, and which had never been handled, except by halter, and had been chosen by Colonel Hood for the occasion. After being alone with the animal for about an hour and a half, the royal party entered, and found Mr. Rarey sitting on its back, without holding the rein, the horse standing perfectly quiet. Mr. Rarey then made a few remarks in regard to his great experience in the treatment of this noble animal: a drum was afterwards handed to Mr. Rarey, which he beat with fury whilst sitting on the horse's back, without the colt exhibiting any signs of fear. The royal party afterwards withdrew for a few minutes, and on their return found the animal lying down, and Mr. Rarey knocking its hind legs together, one of which he put against his face.

Afterwards a restive horse, from Mr. Anderson's stables, in London, which Mr. Rarey said he had before handled, was placed at one end of the riding-house alone. Mr. Rarey went to the other end, and at his command the horse walked quietly up to him. He then made the horse lie down in the presence of the Queen, when Mr. Rarey crawled between his hind legs, and over him in various ways. Mr. Rarey then rolled the horse on his back. The horse was afterwards placed in various positions, in which it stood without holding, and without a bridle.

A third horse, selected by Mr. Meyers, the riding-master, as a very nervous animal, was then brought in, and in a few minutes afterwards it was made by Mr. Rarey to do all which had been done by the other horses. At the conclusion of this exhibition of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over the horse, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort expressed to Mr. Rarey his gratification and thanks. The secret has been entrusted to Major-General Richard Airey, in confidence, who has pronounced that there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of. The secret will be made known when a sufficient number of subscribers have been obtained.

SOWING YELLOW LOCUST SEED.—As locust timber for posts and other purposes are becoming scarce and consequently increasing in price, it may be well for each owner of a farm or plantation, according to the size of his estate, to sow a few quarts of locust seed, to raise young trees for the formation of a grove or groves.

It will not be time for some weeks to sow the seed, but we anticipate it to enable our readers to make the necessary arrangements and preparations. The ground to be selected should be a deep, well exposed loam. It should be manured, ploughed deep, harrowed, and the seed sown very thinly in drills 4 feet apart, 2 inches deep.

Preparation of the Seed.—Before being sown, the seed should be soaked in hot water for 24 hours. All the seed which, on being stirred, floats on the surface of the water, should be skimmed off and cast aside. The plants when they come up must be kept clean. At one and two years old the young trees will be fit for transplantation; they should then be set out in a deep, warm soil, which has been well manured, deeply ploughed, harrowed and rolled. The rows should be 12 feet wide, the trees 10 feet apart in the rows, which will give 363 trees to the acre. In fifteen years they will be large enough to cut for posts. For ship-building purposes they may be cut in from 20 to 25 years, when each well grown tree will be worth \$3 or \$4. —American Farmer.

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, proves that which bears it to be a true rose tree.

WORK ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

A correspondent, who spent last winter on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, gives us the following interesting account of the planting, cultivation, and manufacture of the sugar crop in that State:

"Last winter, most of my time was spent on a sugar plantation in Louisiana. I found that upon a well cultivated plantation the product was about 2,400 pounds of sugar, and 2,000 pounds, or 100 gallons of molasses per acre, and upon the plantation that I was visiting, their mill produced 1,000 gallons of juice per hour, about twenty hours in a day, giving ten hogsheads of sugar, or 12,000 pounds, and twenty barrels of molasses, or 800 gallons, weighing 12 pounds per gallon.

"In Louisiana the cane never ripens, and therefore is allowed to grow as long as it can be done with safety from frost. In the latter part of October they commence by saving their seed, that is by cutting the cane they need for planting, and securing it by placing it in mats, so called, on the ground, say twenty feet by forty, resting it on an embankment, with the butt on the ground at an angle of about twenty degrees, and leaving a mass of tops on the surface a foot deep, and forming a perfect protection from frost.

"Next they commence taking off this crop. Every negro has at all times in his possession a cane knife, like a butcher's cleaver, and kept very sharp. With the back of the knife he knocks off the dry leaves, and cuts off the stock as of no value where the leaves are green. Should a frost come whilst they are making sugar, the work is stopped, and all hands are employed winnowing the cane in the fields, as a fermentation commences immediately, if it is allowed to stand.

"After making the sugar they commence planting, which is done once for three years. No manure is used. It is planted by burying two lines of canes in a plough furrow, and cultivated like corn in rows, seven feet apart. The fourth year the land is put in corn and peas. After the corn is gathered the stacks and peas are ploughed in, and the land is ready for cane again.

"The cane is as certain as any large crop we have. The unusual cold for three winters past has diminished the crop from 440,000 lbs in 1853, to 73,000 last year. But this year the crop will be 250 to 300,000 lbs; and if we have a mild winter may be as large next year as in 1853, when the planters sold their molasses for four cents a gallon, or three pounds for a cent." —Exchange Paper.

WORK IN THE GARDEN—FEBRUARY.—Presuming that you have garden frames, and that they are ready to receive seeds for early vegetables, we will point out a few kinds of seeds that should be sown about the middle of the month.

Sowing Seeds.—Cabbage seeds of different sorts, both early and late, so that your supply of cabbages may be continued from early summer till fall. Tomato seed to raise plants for the early crop. Egg-Plant seed for food; Cauliflower seed for food; Celery seed for food. By sowing Radish seed thinly through your hot-beds among the other seeds, you may secure an early supply without doing injury to the others.

GRAPE-VINES.—Prune these without delay: tie up the parts left for the formation of fruit. Then dig in around the roots slightly a compost comprised of 6 parts rotten dung, 1 part ashes and 1 part bone dust.

RASPBERRY VINES.—As soon as the weather permits, tie these up, and dig in around the roots a compost comprised of 7 parts rotten dung and 1 part ashes. —American Farmer (Baltimore).

CURE FOR THUMPS IN SWINE.—A correspondent of "The Cotton Planter," says:—"I have frequently had cases of thumps among my hogs. My remedy is to tar the corn which they eat, which I have never known to fail to effect a cure if taken in time. My manner of preparing the food is simply to have a bucket of tar at my feeding ground, tarring each ear of corn as I throw it to them. If this plan is commenced soon after Christmas, and continued one or two months, my experience is, that few if any hogs would have thumps."

CURE FOR THE GARGET.—Some two or three years since we published the following recipe for curing garget, and from actual experiment in this vicinity, we know it to be a good one. Mr. Lowell Greenleaf writes to one of our agricultural exchanges, (we have lost the credit,) giving an account of his trials of the recipe and its results as follows:—

"Having had a cow that was almost worthless on account of bunches in the udder which rendered the milk bloody, and stringy, and not fit for the hogs, I was on the eve of giving her up for lost, when I used the following recipe, which in three weeks restored her to perfection, and not the slightest symptom of garget has appeared since. I could cite numerous cases of perfect cure. And not only doubling the quantity, but also improving the quality, of the milk and butter. Since I applied this remedy, my cow has, in two years risen in value from \$20 to \$75:—

"Recipe.—An ounce and a half of hydriodate of potash, at 440 grains to the ounce, will contain 660 grains. Put the whole into a glass bottle of sufficient capacity, with fifty-five table-spoonsful of cold water. Shake briskly, and it will be thoroughly dissolved in a few minutes; one table-spoonful will contain a dose, the requisite quantity of 12 grains. Wet a little Indian meal or shorts and thoroughly stir in the dose. Give two or three doses a day. Keep the bottle corked tight." —Exchange Paper.

PRUNING PEACH TREES.—I found some stunted and neglected peach trees, in a lot I purchased, standing in old sod, which, after turning over the sod around them, I boldly topped in the Fall—cutting away nearly all the limbs, as I had seen recommended in your paper. Some said I had spoiled or killed my trees. Last Summer I had a crop of good peaches on these trees, and now they all have fine thrifty branches, while my neighbor's trees just over the fence look scrawny and black, and they bore fruit about the size of a hickory nut.

I advised him to serve his trees as I did mine, but he, good soul, did not believe that the vigorous pruning, with a loosened soil and slight manuring alone worked the wonder, but thinks I did something more to them which I chose to keep a secret! He is afraid to prune his trees—and so are many others; who, in consequence, have short lived trees and poor fruit. I am now satisfied that the peach tree must be boldly pruned, and suppose it may be done just now as well as at any time. One season's fruit may be lost by it, but you will then have renewed young trees in place of the old and unprofitable ones. —Corres. of American Agriculturist.

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says:—Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle, wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs being already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water, the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise to my mind as unnatural and absurd, as to jump into a shower bath, after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in.

POTATO OATS.—The potato oat I prefer to any of our other oats, the straw being much longer and yielding more to the acre on the same soil than any of our other oats. Poland oats, if grown on good soil, will give a heavier grain, but being solitary grained will not yield the weight per acre of potato oats. The Poland also sheds fast, and requires to be harvested to a day; if they get wet in the sheaf and have to be opened, they will lose nearly half. Potato oats will stand a great deal of bad harvesting; in fact, I know of no oat that will stand so much without shedding. It should be a general oat, and when it is we can buy and sell by weight, which is far preferable for all parties. —Gerald Houtt, Newton, N. J., in Country Gentleman.

SKELTON FLOWERS AND LEAVES.—The leaves and flowers of plants are all formed of a frame work, beautiful and delicate in the extreme, composed of woody fibre, corresponding to the skeleton of animals, and between the interstices of these fibres is gathered the softer material, forming the leaf or flower. If the leaf be taken and placed in water and left in the same water for from three to four months, all this soft matter decays, and the stem may be taken in the hand and the refuse shaken away. There remains behind a network or skeleton of the original object, which can be bleached with a little lime, and it forms a most lovely decoration for the mantel-piece of the tasteful. The leaves of the ivy, the stippled of the stramonium, (which is now to be found exactly ripe for steeping,) the oak leaf, and, in fact, every production of the vegetable world, are not only applicable, but show themselves with greater beauty when skeletonized than when perfect.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once. It is not struck out at a single beat. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel-points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed forever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, or the teachings of Satan, carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness, silently moulded and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One. —Plain Parochial Sermons.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN GREATNESS AND MEANNESS.—What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. —Emerson.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 19, 27, 19, is part of the human frame.
My 3, 4, 15, is an insect.
My 5, 19, 7, 14, is a ruler.
My 7, 22, is an interjection.
My 9, 16, 5, 6, 9, is a hollow place.
My 11, 7, 8, 22, is a nickname.
My 13, 15, 23, is a period of time.
My 15, 35, 18, is a small barrel.
My 17, 4, 1, is a kind of fruit.
My 19, 15, expresses agony.
My 21, 36, 19, is a numeral.
My 23, 9, is a nickname.
My 25, 7, 14, is part of the human body.
My 27, 34, are consonants.
My whole was the name of a King and his people.
A. P. NUTT.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 15, 6, 23, is an American poetess.
My 25, 22, 20, 4, 15, 6, 7, is an American poetess.
My 13, 11, 12, 33, is an American poetess.
My 4, 6, 9, 15, is an American poetess.
My 10, 22, 20, 25, 14, 2, is an American poetess.
My 15, 19, 1, 16, 6, 24, 25, is an American poetess.
My 2, 3, 8, 16, 20, 23, was a French poet.
My 17, 11, 25, 22, was Sarcenet poet.
My 20, 22, 5, 9, 4, 25, 23, 2, was a Greek poet.
My whole is an American poetess.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 8, 30, 29, 1, 7, was the god of Wealth.
My 15, 10, 9, 44, 5, was a son of Neptune.
My 11, 1, 2, was the goddess of Revenge.
My 4, 7, 12, 29, 30, was a noted robber, son of Vulcan.
My 22, 32, 31, 37, 36, 39, was one of the Centaurs.
My 43, 19, 20, 21, 24, were priests of Mars.
My 2, 27, 32, 35, 25, 9, 39, 23, was a daughter of Pegasus and Terra.
My 14, 8, 11, 40, 33, 27, were sacrificers in honor of Ops.
My 15, 19, 36, 6, 28, were gods of the Fields and Woods.
My 16, 39, 41, 30, 33, 5, 35, 3, was one of the Nine Muses.
My 31, 42, 38, 31, 32, 9, 7, was a city in Egypt built by a son of Neptune.
My 25, 11, 40, 33, 23, was one of the "Pillars of Hercules."
My 31, 3, 10, 21, 3, 32, 35, 30, was the Keeper of "Pluto's Palace."
My whole is the name of a Latin work together with that of its author.
STUDIOSUS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, soft as a gentle summer's breeze,
Does o'er our stubborn nature's force,
But when with anger's tongue is forced,
Oft leaves a wound we cannot heal.
In this large world of joy and grief,
All things have their parts to play,
And of my second each has a share,
Even the moon's bright silvery ray.
An English bard you'll find my whole,
Whose verse much praise has won,
On Alaric's green and sunny banks,
He died where oft he sung.
Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is very often seen
In city, in village or town—
You have used it no doubt,
When you travelled abroad.
My second on a King's crown,
The centre-piece you'll always find;
You'll understand what 'tis I mean,
When you find it out.
My third, without doubt,
Is used when your clothes are washed clean;
If to fish you're inclined,
You would use it, I ween.
My whole was fair and gentle—endowed with noble mind—
A wronged and persecuted Queen.
GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a small insect,
Learn of it (and be wise):
If you've travelled over the land,
My second has met your eyes;
My whole is a habitation,
Often filled with supplies.
Peques, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ANAGRAMS.

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